The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* April *will be noticed in the* May *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th May *in the* June *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that another contribution of exceptional importance to Tennyson literature may be expected by-and-by. Lord Tennyson left behind him valuable material in elucidation of "In Memoriam." We understand that the notes have been placed in the hands of a well-known scholar, and it is much to be hoped that they will soon be published. In this connection Mr. Knowles' most interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century* after Tennyson's death will be recalled.

Mr. Barrie has made excellent progress with the sequel to "Sentimental Tommy," and hopes to have it finished by the beginning of May. The story describes a literary career. It is probable that the title first fixed on will be discarded for another, which will bring in the name of the heroine. Mr. Barrie's play, "Two Kinds of Women," is now in the hands of Mr. Frohmann, who has both the English and the American rights.

"When the Sleeper Wakes," Mr. H. G. Wells's novel of the future, is to appear in book form the first week in May. Messrs. Harper will issue it simultaneously here and in America. Mr. Wells appears for the moment to be devoting his attention to the future. He is writing for the *Pall Mall Magazine* a series of short stories dealing with the twenty-first century, and he has accepted an invitation to lecture at the Royal Institution (on June 2nd) on "The Discovery of the Future."

The first long novel which Mr. Jacobs has attempted will begin its serial course in the *Strand Magazine* next month. It will not be published in volume form until next spring. We shall probably have no book from Mr. Jacobs this year.

The American publishers still continue to come. Mr. Brett, of the Macmillan Company, has just arrived. Mr. Lippincott is expected within a week or two. Mr. Appleton will probably be over next month, and Mr. Scott, of the Century Company, is expected to arrive early in May.

The English friends of Mr. Charles Scribner, the eminent New York publisher, will be sorry to hear that he is not coming over this year. Mr. Scribner proposes to visit the new possessions of the United States.

Fiona Macleod's new book, "The Dominion of Dreams," is to be published in the course of the spring by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. Its contents comprise, in three sections, tales with a modern setting; narratives of a purely psychological kind; and tales with an old Celtic and pagan background. The greater part of "The Dominion of Dreams" is published for the first time, though one or two of the contents are reprinted from *Harper's* and elsewhere. The volume is more akin to "The Washer of the Ford" than any other of Fiona Macleod's books, and is, of course, wholly distinct in matter and manner from the work upon which she is now engaged—an historical romance of the early Jacobite days.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. will publish Mr. Benjamin Swift's new novel, "Siren City," some time in the early autumn. The book will be published simultaneously in New York by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. will also publish in the early autumn Mr. Arthur Morrison's new novel, entitled "To London Town." Mr. Morrison has been engaged in the writing of this book for some considerable time. We understand that it is somewhat of a departure from the style and method pursued in "Tales of Mean Streets" and "A Child of the Jago."

We learn from Miss Marie Corelli that there is no truth in the report that her novels are about to appear in a cheap issue. The only two books which appear by existing contract in cheap issues are "The Murder of Delicia" and "Ziska," both of which are merely "short stories," and are not to be included in the same category with the volumes of which Messrs. Methuen and Co. are sole publishers.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has been thrown back in the preparation of his new novel by another attack of influenza, but he still hopes to be ready before Christmas. Of late his contributions to critical literature have been very rare, but the readers of the *Athenæum* of March 25th were delighted to find a review of Dr. Knapp's biography of Borrow from the familiar pen. The illness of Mr. Francis Hindes Groome has unfortunately delayed the review of Dr. Knapp's book, which we hoped to include this month. Mr. Watts-Dunton says that when Borrow was talking to people in his own class of life there was always in his bearing a kind of shy defiant egotism. What Carlyle calls the "armed neutrality" of social intercourse oppressed him. But the moment he approached a gypsy on the heath, or a poor Jew in Houndsditch, or a homeless wanderer by the wayside, he became another man. This it was that enabled him to make friends so entirely with gypsies. Of the "veiled period" in Borrow's life Mr. Watts-Dunton concludes that "Borrow was living in England during these seven years, continuing for a considerable time his life of a wanderer, and afterwards living as an obscure literary struggler in Norwich. His life was during this period one

of privation, disappointment, and gloom. It was for him to decide what he would give to the public and what he would withhold."

The important discovery of George Borrow's MSS., made

ROBERT BROWNING.
From the Painting by Mr. F. Moscheles, reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. James Nisbet & Co.

by the Rev. J. G. Watt among the archives of the Bible Society, was really one of the first-fruits of the publication of Dr. Knapp's biography. A great accumulation of documents in the Bible House crypt had recently been reduced to order, and it seemed worth while to search again for Borrow's missing correspondence, which Dr. Knapp had given up for lost.

We are able to announce that this fortunate find amounts to about a hundred autograph MSS., and practically embraces Borrow's complete correspondence with the Bible Society for the seven years during which he acted as its Agent. Less than ten per cent. of the letters are missing, and it is believed that of these copies are still available. Most of the letters are of some length, characteristically written in Borrow's own incommunicable manner. And the MSS. include long unpublished reports on his work for the Society both in Russia and in Spain.

Although this valuable amount of matter has yet to be scrutinised, it promises abundant interest. One letter, for instance, describes Borrow preaching to gipsies at Moscow. Another shows that before he first landed in Spain he was meditating a book on the peninsula. And two or three letters are dated from Spanish prisons.

Such materials should yield a charming book, which will appeal alike to Borrovians and to friends of the Bible Society, for it has yet to be recognised how largely his literary impulse and effort were conditioned by his relations with the Society—relations which were honourable to all parties concerned.

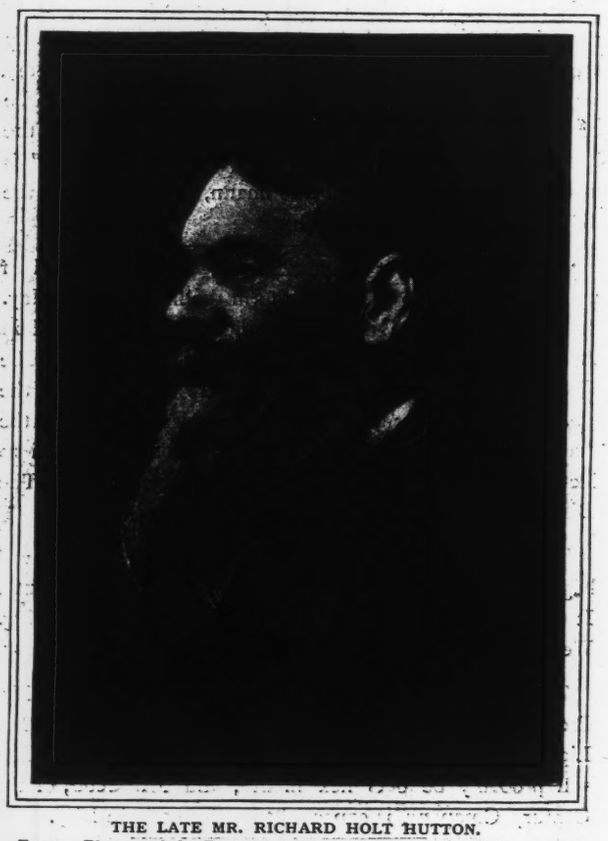
M. Paul Sabatier has again been toiling away at his manuscript researches, and once more with success. The week before Easter he wrote to an English friend from Pisa: "Je viens de découvrir deux lettres de S. François d'une grande importance pour l'histoire de sa pensée et l'histoire de l'ordre."

Mr. Felix Moscheles's "Fragments of an Autobiography," reviewed on another page, contains a number of excellent reproductions of his well-known portraits. We have to thank Messrs. Nisbet and Co. for permission to reproduce the painting of Robert Browning in our columns.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, who has undergone a severe operation, is now resting, doing nothing, as he says, "but lying listening to the Esk water down in the valley." Mr. Crockett can afford to take a rest, several volumes of his being ready for publication. One if not two of these may be expected in the spring.

The life of the late Rev. Dr. W. F. Moulton by his son, the Rev. J. H. Moulton, M.A., which was to be published this spring by Messrs. Isbister, has been deferred to the autumn. We understand that the delay is owing to the discovery of some important letters which it has been thought advisable to include.

The new volume of Mr. Hutton's essays contains a charming reproduction of a speaking likeness of the late



THE LATE MR. RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.
From a Photograph by Frederick Hollyer, reproduced by kind permission.

editor of the *Spectator*. By the courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan we are allowed to reproduce it in our columns.

We hear that there has lately been quite a remarkable demand, both in this country and in America, for the

books of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. "The Day's Work" still continues to sell very rapidly; but we notice the sales of the American edition are now about 60,000 against 46,000 or 47,000 in this country.

The Century Company of New York are the American publishers of "No. 5, John Street," Mr. Richard Whiteing's novel, which has recently been published in this country by Mr. Grant Richards, and which has been so very favourably reviewed in the Press.

Mr. Gelett Burgess, with whose very clever work readers of the *Sketch* will be familiar, has just arranged to contribute to the *Queen* a series of fairy tales of a novel character, which are to be illustrated by himself in his own unique manner. The general title of the series is "The Lively City O'Ligg." The stories are being published simultaneously in America, and will doubtless be published later on, both here and there, as a Christmas book for children.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, whose remarkable study of Danton has just been published, is one of the most notable of the younger generation in Oxford. Though a French citizen, he speaks English perfectly, and is a scholar of Balliol and an ex-President of the Union. He took a first-class in modern history four years ago, and has since lectured in England and America. He now lives in Oxford, and combines historical research with the work of a "coach." "Danton" is his first essay in serious literature, though he is already known to fame as "H. B." of "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts" and "The Modern Traveller." At the present time he is the only speaker at the Union who is really able to influence a division. His speeches are always

From Photo by [*Hill & Saunders, Oxford.*
MR. HILAIRE BELLOC.

fluent and clear, sometimes fervid, often colloquial, generally irresistibly amusing. Mr. Belloc's only rival is Raymond Asquith, of Balliol, the son of the ex-Home Secretary, who is certain to become President before long.

Mr. Morley Roberts, whose new novel, "A Son of Empire," has met with a very gratifying reception, is a man of varied experience. He went to Australia in 1874, and worked for a long time on the railroads of Victoria and in

From Photo by MR. MORLEY ROBERTS. [*Alfred Ellis.*

the New South Wales Bush; he has worked his way before the mast, travelled in Texas, California, Manitoba, British Columbia, in the South Seas and in South Africa. He has been writing steadily since 1890, but he has done nothing better than "A Son of Empire," which is an exciting story excellently well told.

Mr. Gissing is among the victims to influenza, and has for some time been confined to his room. The novel which he has lately finished will not be published until the early autumn.

"A Son of the State," the story by Mr. Pett Ridge which has been appearing serially in the *People*, will be published in volume form this autumn by Messrs. Methuen.

A new volume of stories by Mrs. Murray Hickson is to be published shortly by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. The stories deal to some extent with the characters who proved so attractive in "Concerning Teddy."

Dr. A. B. Grosart, the well-known student of English literature, has died in Dublin at the age of sixty-four. Dr. Grosart began his public career at a very early age as a minister of the United Presbyterian Church at Kinross. He began to publish when he was only sixteen, and has gone on industriously ever since. His most valuable books are his editions on English Writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Dr. Grosart was enthusiastic and hard working, with a genuine interest in literature, but without much real culture or critical discernment. His egotism was very apparent in his extraordinary "memorial

introductions." But he was a kind-hearted man, and always ready to give help. All his results, however, want sifting. He is never to be followed implicitly. As a minister, Dr. Grosart was diligent and devoted. He gave much attention to the Puritans, and while liberal and enlightened, remained to the last a thorough evangelical. Some of his religious books had considerable currency, and were understood to be favourites with the Queen.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

FEBRUARY 20TH TO MARCH 18TH, 1899.

In former years this period was generally known in the publishing trade as the "dead season," for after the rush of the Christmas supply a comparative lull ensued and a quiet time was expected before the spring season set in. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela*, and a record month has been the result; not only has there been no sensible diminution in the number of new publications, but the output has equalled that of any month during the past year.

The universal interest evinced in the illness of Mr. Kipling has materially increased the demand for his works.

Fiction is still very much to the front, and although some little doubt existed as to the ultimate result of the institution of the 6s. novel the venture has fully justified itself, and has indeed proved a decided success. "Aylwin," "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," "Helot and Hero," "Young Lives," and "Via Lucis" are enjoying a wide popularity.

A distinctive feature at the present time is the demand for the works of the American author, Charles M. Sheldon, and the supply has quite taken the market by storm, being simply "prodigious." Some nine or ten publishers are issuing various editions of each book ranging in price from 1d. to 3s. 6d., and what with the number of publishers and the number of editions it is somewhat bewildering to the trade.

Lenten books have not sold so freely this year, and although great efforts have been put forth from time to time to create a distinct "season" in this class of literature they have not been successful, and we have this year to chronicle a decided falling off in the sales.

Steevens's "With Kitchener to Khartum" is still much sought after in the 6s. form, and the whole edition of 150,000 in the 6d. re-issue was disposed of before publication.

A return to the practice of some fifteen or sixteen years ago has recently been made in the issue of 6d. reprints, though in a much more convenient size; but the idea of publishing original works of fiction at this price which was lately announced with much fervour has, we believe, been definitely abandoned. Kipling's Departmental Ditties, which is issued by Geo. Newnes, is a great success. We think, however, that a word of caution may not be out of place, and would advise the Trade not to speculate rashly in this class, as we fear there may be somewhat of a slump, and indeed even now some signs of falling off are noticeable.

With Easter the holiday season commences, and the guides are now moving briskly, notably Murray's and Baedeker's.

Among the magazines *Harmsworth's*, *Windsor*, *Pearson's*, *The Royal*, *Wide World*, *Harper*, and *Pall Mall* lead the way, attended closely by quite a host of competitors. Two new arrivals are attracting attention. The *Art Portfolio*, which consists of reproductions in photogravure from our National Galleries, and another dear to the youthful mind issued by Geo. Newnes under the title of *The Captain*.

Again we have to present a somewhat lengthy list to our readers, but as in the case of last month it will not suffer curtailment.

With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Open Question. By C. E. Raimond. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Afterwards, and other Works by the same author. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder.)
Daughters of Babylon. By W. Barrett and R. Hichens. 6s. (Macqueen.)
Nye's Story of the Oxford Movement. 3s. 6d. (Bemrose.)
Walsh's Secret History of the Oxford Movement. 3s. 6d. (Sonnenschein and Thynne.)
Red Rock. By T. Nelson Page. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Ashes of Empire. By R. W. Chambers. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Sheldon's Works from 1d. to 3s. 6d.:—In His Steps, "What Would Jesus Do?"; Robert Bruce; Malcolm Kirk; Crucifixion of Phillip Strong; Twentieth Door.
Vision Splendid. By Florence Bright and R. Machray. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Round the World on a Bicycle. By J. F. Fraser. 6s. (Methuen.)
Smythies' (Bishop Charles Allan) Life. 4s. (Universities Mission to Central Africa.)
Idols. By W. J. Locke. 6s. (Lane.)
Windyhaugh. By Graham Travers. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Helot and Hero. By E. Livingston Prescott. 6s. (Simpkin.)
Young Lives. By Richard Le Gallienne. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Via Lucis. By Kassandra Vivaria. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Flashlights from Nature. By Grant Allen. 6s. (Newnes.)
Browning (Robert and Elizabeth Barrett) Letters. 21s. (Smith, Elder.)
Countess Tekla. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Dreyfus Case. By F. C. Conybeare. 3s. 6d. (G. Allen.)
China By Prof. R. K. Douglas. 5s. (Unwin.)
No. 5, John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Grant Richards.)
The Paths of the Prudent. By J. S. Fletcher. 6s. (Methuen.)
Colonization of Africa. By Sir Harry H. Johnston. 6s. (Camb. Univ. Press.)
Melville (G. Whyte) Works Reissue. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)
England in Egypt. By Sir A. Milner. 6s. (Arnold.)
Two Standards. By Dr. W. Barry. 6s. (Unwin)
Pharos the Egyptian. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. 2s. (Grant Richards.)
Our Prayer Book, Conformity and Conscience. By Page Roberts. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Hermits of Gray's Inn. By G B. Burgin. 6s. (Pearson.)
Commentary on the Book of Samuel. By H. P. Smith. 12s. (T. and T. Clark.)

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Feb. 25—Trade brisk in both Home and Foreign departments.
Mar. 4—A steady trade, though slightly easier than previous week, more especially in Home departments.
„ 11—A rather quiet time in both Home and Colonial departments.
„ 18—Decidedly brisk, a better week all round.

(2) SCOTLAND.

FEBRUARY 20TH TO MARCH 20TH, 1899.

The noteworthy feature of the past month's trade was the large output of sixpenny editions of standard works, and perhaps the most prominent of these were "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" by Conan Doyle, "Catriona" by R. L. Stevenson, "Gates of Eden" by Annie Swan, "Tennyson's Poems," Spurgeon's "Messages to the Multitudes," and Gladstone's "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," all of which met with considerable sale. The numerous

announcements by all the leading publishers of other cheap editions of popular books led to a brisk business in advance of publication.

The conspicuous success of "With Kitchener to Khartum" at sixpence, combined with the appearance of Mr. Bennet Burleigh's "Khartoum Campaign," revived interest in the reconquest of the Soudan, and there was a demand for the volume of *Black and White* war sketches.

In popularity nothing exceeded the sale of Sheldon's books, and the supply on all hands was unlimited. "In His Steps" continued to sell in thousands, and the other six volumes had also quite a sensational run.

Coming also from America may be noted the success of the new humorist's book, "Mr. Dooley in War and in Peace," the sale of which is steadily rising.

Owing to the great interest and sympathy excited by the illness of Mr. Kipling, that gifted author's works were much asked for, and his recent volumes went off very easily.

One of the prettiest books issued locally was the Rev. W. S. Crockett's "In Praise of Tweed," with its literary and artistic touches of that classic district. (James Lewis, Selkirk.)

With the approach of the Easter holidays, booksellers renewed their stocks of guide books and cycling maps, and bookbuyers interested in gardening were well supplied with handbooks. The leading line in cloth books continued to be the six-shilling novel, and of these there appeared a very large number.

The following were the most prominent: "Countess Tekla" by Robert Barr, "The Capsina" by E. F. Benson, "Swallow" by Rider Haggard, "Amateur Cracksman" by F. W. Hornung, "Rachel" by Jane Findlater, "Betty Musgrave" by Mary Findlater; and at five shillings there came "Pharos" by Guy Boothby, the sale for which was quite equal to any of his previous books.

The magazine trade was somewhat less than usual, the only outstanding feature being the large numbers of fashion journals disposed of.

In travel three rather important volumes had special attention, "West African Studies" by Miss Kingsley, "Round the World on a Wheel" by J. F. Fraser, and the "Diplomatist's Wife in Japan" by Mrs. Hugh Fraser.

It may be noted also that in connection with the issue of the new education code special activity was shown in educational works.

The following may be taken as a list of the best selling books during the month:—

Countess Tekla. By R. Barr. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Capsina By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Two Standards. By Dr. Barry. 6s. (Unwin.)
Isabel Carnaby. By Miss Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
Mr. Kipling's works. (Macmillan.)
Khartoum Campaign. By B. Burleigh. 12s. (Chapman and Hall.)
Sheldon's Books at all prices.
Red Rock. By T. N. Page. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Pharos. By G. Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Mrs. Henry Wood's novels at 2s. (Macmillan.)
With Kitchener to Khartum. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Swallow. By Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)
Mr. Dooley in War and Peace. 2s. (Grant Richards.)
Black Rock. By R. Connor. 6s. (Hodder.)
Drummond's Life. By Prof. G. A. Smith. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
And large quantities of the sixpenny issues of standard works.

THE READER.

THE DAWN OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

When Mr. Rudyard Kipling landed in England ten years ago, a youth of twenty-three, with eight books already in his pocket, the "Auld Licht Idylls" had been published a year, and people were taking an expectant interest in "A Window in Thrums." Mr. Barrie had made his name, and was sailing into favour on the top of the wave. Six months later his young fellow-craftsman was by his side. *Truth* and the *World* were tossing his name to and fro in hot argument as to his pretensions, and Gavin Ogilvy himself was studying the Man from Nowhere in an attitude at once critical and congratulatory.

It is interesting to recall Mr. Barrie's first estimate of Mr. Kipling. From the very outset he admired him. Writing in the *British Weekly* in the early summer of 1890, he declared roundly that no young man of such capacity had appeared in our literature for years, and pronounced him a second Bret Harte. Ten months later, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, he repeated this opinion, or, at least, one very like it. "It is Mr. Bret Harte that Mr. Kipling most resembles. He, too, uses the lantern flash; Mulvaney would have been at home in Red Gulch and Mr. Oakhurst in Simla." Further on he adds, "Mr. Kipling has one advantage. He is never theatrical as Mr. Harte sometimes is. There is more restraint in Mr. Kipling's art. But Mr. Harte is easily first in his drawing of women." This defect of Mr. Kipling's is hinted at in the earlier article. "He has not as yet drawn a lady with much success." Girlhood had proved beyond him. Even Maisie, in "The Light that Failed," was to Mr. Barrie utterly uninteresting—colourless and a nonentity.

In these two appreciations, written the one in 1890, the other in 1891, the opinions expressed are practically the same, the attitudes are entirely different. In the first the note of surprise is evident, and the hesitation, the uncertainty as to the future, which Mr. Kipling's precocity made inevitable in all the earlier reviews of his work. In the second he is accepted as a writer of mark, a man about whom his fellow-workers cannot fail to have a definite opinion. And Mr. Barrie has some very well-defined opinions, especially on the subject of style. He criticises Mark Twain's saying—"It would be a good thing to read Mr. Kipling's writings for their style alone, if there were no story back of it." It might, Mr. Barrie says, be a good thing if it were not impossible, the style being the story. He contrasts him sharply with Robert Louis Stevenson. "He is to Mr. Stevenson as phonetic spelling is to pure English." And on this theme Mr. Barrie dilates at length, admitting that Mr. Kipling gains his end—the vivid presentment of his idea—by coarseness sometimes, by audacity often, but showing that whether by "journalese" or Lindley Murray he gains it and clinches it, and secures it as few other writers have ever done. "While Mr. Stevenson sets his horse at ideas of one syllable, and goes over like a bird, Mr. Kipling is facing Mesopotamia and reaching the other side, perhaps on his head, or muddy."

In the *British Weekly* Mr. Barrie insisted much on Mr. Kipling's cynicism. He was too much of a cynic to be a poet, and his verses, many of them, were only "spirited

doggerel." That, however, was Mr. Barrie's opinion when he had only the Departmental Ditties to judge by. Probably he has modified it since 1890. But the charge of cynicism he repeats again and again. It is "that of one who rejoices in being a cynic." It dwells upon the ugly side of humanity and of society. It confines its attention to the "dirty corner of the room." But ten years have changed that too, and even in these first months of Kipling's career Mr. Barrie had a generous acknowledgment for "the brilliant style, the masterly character-sketching, and the quaint humour," and a hopeful prophecy for the future. The young man's audacity took his elders aback just at first; they were hardly prepared to find it genius. "He began by dancing on ground that most novelists look long at before they adventure a foot." Mr. Barrie had no objection to his dancing on this risky ground; but he was conscious of a lack of perspective in Mr. Kipling's work. He flashed his lightning into his own corner vividly enough. Mr. Barrie would have liked a wider view simply for the sake of comparison and the sense of proportion. And once more it seems to us that these ten years will have given him what he wanted.

On the whole, however, he considered that Mr. Kipling's chief defect was ignorance of life, and in substantiating this somewhat startling charge he says some of the wisest and weightiest things he has ever said, even when at work in his own field, which is not criticism. "He believes" (Mr. Barrie is speaking of Dick Heldar in "The Light that Failed," whom he identifies with Mr. Kipling) "that because he has knocked about the world in shady company he has no more to learn. It never dawns on him that he is but a beginner in knowledge of life compared to many men who have stayed at home with their mothers. He knows so little where is the fire in which men and women are proved that he has crossed a globe for it, which is like taking a journey to look for one's shadow." And this is, or at all events was in 1891, Mr. Barrie's ultimatum. "With the mass of his fellow-creatures Mr. Kipling is out of touch, and thus they are an unknown tongue to him. He will not even look for the key. At present he is a rare workman with a contempt for the best material."

SOME FORGOTTEN FIRST CONTRIBUTIONS.

LONG before the era of the modern magazine, and the wide-spread competition that now exists, *Chambers's Journal* became a kind of reservoir for rising talent, much of which, however, came to maturity elsewhere. This was pointed out recently in two papers in that periodical, first in "Some Notable Beginners in *Chambers's Journal*" (1895), and next in "Some Early Contributors to *Chambers's Journal*" (1897). It was also mentioned that contributions had come from lords and labourers, priests and lawyers, and one day Mr. Payn recorded that communications came from a bishop, a washerwoman, and a thief. Just at the time Mr. George Meredith was correcting the proof of "Chilian Wallah," his first contribution in verse in 1849, he had also written a paper on Kossuth, which was in the hands of the editor of *Chambers* at that date, although there is no evidence of its having appeared there. When Thomas Hardy was an unknown young architect who had taken one or two professional prizes, he contributed his first and last paper, "How I Built Myself a House," March 18th, 1865.

Mr. Hardy pictures a Londoner and his wife Sophia, who lived in the suburbs in a Highly Desirable Semi-detached Villa. This residence was not at all that it should have been; there was not room enough for friends when they visited them, and the coals had to be kept in a heap against the back wall. A little dinner was only got over with difficulty, the maid-servant putting the dishes on the staircase, or on stools and chairs in the passage. All these trials and tribulations caused them to decide to build a house of their own a little further out of town. "It was neither to cost too much nor too little, but just enough to fitly inaugurate the new happiness. Its situation was to be in a healthy spot, on a stratum of dry gravel about ninety feet above the springs. There were to be trees to the north, and a pretty view to the south. It was also to be easily accessible by rail." The arrival of a third baby quickened their movements towards such a Paradise!

At last a place was taken on a lease of ninety-nine years, although half of the original advantages had to be given up. Mr. Penny, an architect celebrated for designing houses for families of moderate means, was engaged, and had to reduce to practical working order the respective and very conflicting ideas of husband and wife. The architect settled everything in a most "miraculous way"; price about £1,890. After the building had crept upwards and began to put forth chimneys, the builder's foreman invited the prospective owner to mount the scaffolding and take a view of everything from the top. This was a terrible nerve-trying ordeal, and is funnily described. Next came "getting into extras." "Then came a host of things 'not included'—a sink in the scullery, a rain-water tank and a pump, a trap-door into the roof, a scraper, a weather-cock and four letters, ventilation in the nursery, same in the kitchen, all of which worked vigorously enough, but the wrong way; patent remarkable bell-pulls; a royal letters extraordinary kitchen range, which it would cost exactly threepence three-farthings to keep a fire in for twelve hours, and yet cook any joint in any way, warm up what was left yesterday, boil the vegetables, and do the ironing." All these extras ran up the cost to several hundreds of pounds above the estimate. And even after occupation, as is usual, many changes had to be made ere everything was right. This is evidently drawn from the life, and is a sketch by a professional man of uncommon observing powers, and with the saving gift of humour.

Dr. Conan Doyle also made his first literary essay in its pages. It is difficult to trace the famous early contributors, as signed articles were then the exception, but the long list of authors includes the names of William and Mary Howitt, Mary Russell Mitford (some of her printed papers were reproduced in early volumes), Agnes Strickland, W. Carleton, Dinah Maria Mulock, whose "Woman's Thoughts about Women" was severely censured by a correspondent for being heterodox; Mrs. Crowe, Dr. Charles Mackay, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Julia Kavanagh, Amelia B. Edwards, Robert William Jamieson, the father of "Dr. Jim"; John Ritchie Findlay, of the *Scotsman*, on such subjects as "Poetry of Diet," "Curiosities of Advertising," etc.; and of later date, Stanley J. Weyman, E. J. Hardy, etc.

Richard Rowe, the son of a Wesleyan minister in the Midlands, contributed an article in 1860, "A Night in the Thames Tunnel," which was the rope that pulled him up into daylight from the pit into which he had fallen, and caused Mr. Payn to intercede on his behalf with the editor of the *Scotsman*. He was on the staff of that newspaper for a short period, and later emerged as a prolific contributor to Mr. Strahan's periodicals. Will the process be repeated in the case of another writer, we wonder, who after many ups and downs in America has written just such another paper as that of Richard Rowe, about residence in a London Workhouse and life in the Rowton Hotels? the latter of which appears in the current *Journal*. This son of a Highland minister has a decided gift of style, and is, we understand, now trying to gain a footing in journalistic London.

One is uncertain as to Elizabeth Lynn's first contributions to periodical literature, but we know that in *Chambers* for 1856 she described "The Chateau of Monte Christo," and had papers on "Art Gossip" (1857) and "Suicide in France." Four years earlier she had been asked by Messrs. Chambers for two stories, which were completed and sent in by October, 1853. They form thirty-two page tracts in the "Repository." They can still bear perusal, and it is possible Messrs. Chambers may again produce them in popular form. One of these tales relates the story of a happily-wedded wife whose existence is gradually beclouded by a selfish husband, who takes to keeping late hours and bad company. The picture of intemperance is very graphic. The crisis comes after a severe illness, and the death of the first baby. Financial troubles necessitate a fresh start at the antipodes, where the old love is restored with more than its old strength as a new and better life is begun. The other tale is the romantic story of a young woman believed to be a gipsy, who lives alone in a cottage in a country village, and is presumed to possess occult powers. How she rose in public opinion, and showed her genuine worth, in fact, emerges as a heroine, is prettily told. This work was done at the Vicarage, Keswick. Later, when known all the world over as Mrs. Lynn Linton, she contributed a few of her clever essays to *Chambers*. In the "Memoirs," now in progress, it is to be hoped this early work will be recognised.

It is worth remembering in this ter-centenary year of Oliver Cromwell that he relieved Scotland of the Kirk Session Records, which were stored in the Castle on the Bass Rock for safety, and their after destruction by a House of Commons fire delivered us from many a revelation. Mr. W. Hale White had, we believe, his first contribution printed in *Chambers*, March 6th, 1858. It was entitled "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," and arose naturally out of his work in the Registrar-General's office, Somerset House, where he spent two or three years of his official life. Is there not the prophetic note of "Mark Rutherford" in the concluding sentence relating to the archives of Somerset House: "Here lies the real history of the English people for the last twenty years. My history's epochs are my birth, my marriage, and the memorable days when Tom and Jack, Susan and Jane, came into the world and gathered round me. The history of the nation may be in Macaulay or in the columns of the *Times*, but the history of the people is in the Registrar-General's vaults at Somerset House"? This reminds one of the preface to John Richard Green's "Short History of the English People," where he describes his history as being "not of English kings or English conquests, but of the English people." The modern novelist has invaded the realm of the historian, however, and has illuminated every by-path of human life!

The careless and irregular method of registration previous to 1837 is described in the first part of this article, and contrasted with what then prevailed, and instances are given of some of the pathetic and ridiculous entries in the registers which must have made the most dry-as-dust clerk smile. An illegitimate child is named Alpha and Omega, while names occur which remind one of school nicknames, such as Kidnum Toats, Lavendar Marjoram, Patient Pipe, Tabitha Cumi, Fussy Gotobed, etc. What the writer considers as the strangest of all is Lama Sabachthani Pressnail. The Russian war is responsible for such names as Malakoff, Sebastopol, Redan, Inkerman, and Balaklava, and abundance of Florence Nightingales. The marriage registers disclose some funny entries, such as, "Ceremony begun, but not finished, the marriage being broken off," "Bridegroom so drunk that the marriage could not proceed." A "Lamb" marries a "Lion"; "Nightingale" marries a "Partridge"; and "Mutton," "Ham"; and the strange complaints of which some people die include, "Hanged himself in a fit of *temperate* insanity from *excessive* drinking."

Mr. Hale White once took the public into his confidence, and gave his experiences of house-building in a letter to the *Spectator*, Jan. 27th, 1877. Mr. Ruskin reprinted this letter in *Fors Clavigera*, styling it admirable, and as containing nearly all "I have to affirm as to the tap-root of economy, namely, house-building." Mr. Hale White, who now resides near Hastings, carried on this house-building experiment at Carshalton, in Surrey. Mr. White was driven to house-building because of his sufferings in villas. He wanted warmth and quiet, and also wished, like Mr. Carlyle, to do a good deal of work without noise. After some trouble he managed to buy a piece of ground, and to put on it a detached cottage, one storey high, with four good bed-rooms, two sitting-rooms, and a study. He was then quite contented after seven years' occupancy. One thing he would have liked to have added had he been building his house over again, and that was a room in the roof for a study, away from all "household hubbub, and with a good view of the stars." But was Carlyle's room in the roof a success? What is called a kitchener, he had discovered, was a miserable contrivance for wasting coals, and poisoning the soft water and spoiling the flowers with soot. An oven he also desiderated where bread could be baked such as should suit a dyspeptic person. In the garden he would have earth-closets, and save the expense of manure. The cellar should have been larger, with a stove in it for warming the house through gratings in the ceiling. But other advantages were that he had been delivered from the anguish of his neighbour's piano and from yelping curs, and he had at last got "a home." He strongly advised those who could scrape together money enough to go and do likewise. This condition of owning one's house strengthened the family bond. "All sorts of associations

cluster around it, of birth, of death, of sorrow and of joy. Furthermore there seems to be an addition of permanence to existence." The king who sent for the shirt of a happy man in which to cure his grievous malady would have found what he wanted under Mr. White's roof at Carshalton.

MY BOOKSHELVES: OMAR KHAYYÁM.

ONE of the most interesting books in my library is a volume entitled "Omar Khayyám Club Transactions," and it was the kindly gift to me of my friend Mr. Edward Clodd, the author of those interesting books, "The Childhood of the World" and "The Childhood of Religion." I shall have much to say concerning Mr. Clodd, his great learning, his abundant kindliness, in another chapter. Here I will only acknowledge the amount of valuable time that he must have spent in the production of this book. It contains the various menu cards of the Omar Club, some of them designed by Mr. Solomon, Mr. Shannon, Mr. Hacker, and other members or associates of the Royal Academy, and autographed by the respective artists. There is a letter in the handwriting of Edward FitzGerald, and here others concerning Omar from Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, and others who from time to time have communicated with the members of the Omar Khayyám Club, and have at a later date become distinguished and honoured members. The numerous poems contributed to the Club dinners by Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Andrew Lang, and others are here; and practically all the newspaper reports of the Club's doing from its foundation.

* * * *

Thus I am able to recall, apart from mere memory, the first gathering of the Club at a small Italian restaurant in London—Pagani's it was called—on the 13th of October, 1892. There were eleven of us present, but six of these, including two gentlemen who afterwards occupied the presidential chair—Mr. Edward Clodd and Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy—came as the guests of the other five. We had no ambition to attract attention, we had none of us a single thought of a future in which Omar should be a "rage"; we had each of us a sincere admiration for FitzGerald's poem, and it seemed a friendly kind of excuse for an occasional dinner. Most of us were engaged in professions remote from the arts; although Mr. Arthur Hacker—delightful comrade and fine painter—was one of the five original members, and designed a menu for the occasion. Only one of us was a journalist, and there was, it may be said very emphatically, no thought on our part of "booming" Omar Khayyám or of "booming" ourselves.

* * * *

Seven years have produced a change. The membership is now at its full limit of fifty-nine, that number having been chosen because 1859 was the year in which FitzGerald made his translation. These fifty-nine members include many men of established reputation, and it may be interesting to name a few, although I am nearly sure to leave out some of the most important, although Heaven forbid that I should forget the two genial comrades with whom in my company the first idea of the Club was started. The worst that can be said against them is that they are both lawyers—Mr George Whale and Mr. Frederic Hudson:—

Edmund Gosse.	Dr. Conan Doyle.
Arthur W. Pinero.	J. M. Barrie.
Andrew Lang.	Sir George Robertson, K.C.S.I.
Austin Dobson.	Sir William Thistelton Dyer K.C.M.G.
Alfred East, A.R.A.	William Watson.
Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.	Barry Pain.
Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A.	Walter Leaf.
J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.	Augustine Birrell, M.P.
Grant Allen.	Hon. Charles Russell.
George Gissing.	Henry Norman.
Sir W. Brampton Gurdon, K.C.M.G., M.P.	H. W. Massingham.
Dr. Robertson Nicoll.	Sir Douglas Straight.
Theodore Watts-Dunton.	William Sharp.
Max Pemberton.	L. F. Austin.
Edward Clodd.	William Simpson, R.I.
Anthony Hope.	Richard Le Gallienne.
Coulson Kernahan.	Louis N. Parker.

* * * *

Is it only the Time Spirit, or has there been any connection between the Omar Khayyám Club and the tremendous excitement over Omar Khayyám that the past seven years has produced? The Club may have been only the fly on the chariot wheel after all, or it may have been a very potent influence in making FitzGerald's work more widely known and its interpreters as numerous as they are to-day. To those who founded the Club it is a matter of indifference. For them it has served its purpose of affording many pleasant hours with friends whom in the rush of a busy life they cannot see very frequently.

* * * *

In any case, this enthusiasm over Omar Khayyám is unmistakable to-day. Its literature is becoming an embarrassment. Here is a list of books that have reached me within about a month:

"Edward FitzGerald and Omar Khayyám. An Essay," by Holbrook Jackson.

"Edward FitzGerald: A Chronological List of his Books." By the Caxton Club, Chicago.

"FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám." Decorated by W. B. MacDougall.

"FitzGerald's Rubâ'iyât of Omar Khayyám. With Their Original Persian Sources," by Edward Heron-Allen.

"FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám." Golden Treasury Series.

And scarcely a week passes without a copy of the poem in some form or another reaching me by post from an American publisher. The publication by the New York *Critic* of the whole poem in one of its monthly parts necessitates the binding up of that number by itself, and then there are the pretty editions of Mr. Mosher, of Portland; Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, of Boston; Mr. Porter, of Minnesota; and both Mr. Doxey and Mr. Dodge, of San Francisco; to say nothing of the rendering into Latin verse by Mr. Herbert Greene that we owe to Mr. Nathan H. Dole.

* * * *

Then I have a fair collection of "illustrations" to Omar Khayyám in my library. There are the drawings by Mr. Elihu Vedder, published by Houghton, Mifflin and Co. in several forms, but unspeakably hideous and repellent to me. But who shall adjudicate on matters of art? Here are a set of fourteen drawings for Omar Khayyám's Rubâ'iyât by Gilbert James (Leonard Smithers). Now it was at my suggestion that Mr. Gilbert James undertook this series of drawings, and indeed I lent him the copy of FitzGerald from which he drew his first inspiration. Some of

his original drawings ornament the walls of my library. I am therefore scarcely an unprejudiced critic, but I can quite understand that to many people these illustrations are as antipathetic as Mr. Vedder's are to me. Accuracy of technique is not Mr. James's strong point, and to certain art critics this will put him quite without the pale. Here is an impossible arm, here a most distorted hand. But when all is said, Mr. James has, in a decorative way, entered into the spirit of the poem in a manner that belongs to no other artist who has attempted so much. Some of Mr. James's illustrations appear also in the latest re-issue of Mr. Dole's multi-variorum edition of the Rubâiyât,* together with others by Edmund H. Garrett, which are not of much account. These are, however, two handsome volumes, bound in white vellum, and forming quite a treasury of Omarian lore. Lastly, there is the edition of FitzGerald's Omar that the Macmillan Company has recently published and dedicated to the Omar Khayyám Club. The illustrations of this are simply borders to the quatrains, the decoration being by Mr. W. B. MacDougall. Of these I have already ventured to declare (*Daily Chronicle*, Nov. 11, 1898) that they possess an atmosphere peculiarly in harmony with the verses. They do not in the least jar on one as do the decorative borders of Mr. Vedder. While treating of the illustration of Omar Khayyám, let me not forget that I have a signed proof engraving from Mr. Briton Riviere's painting illustrative of the quatrain concerning the lion and the lizard, and that my book-plate—designed for me by Mr. Walter Crane—illustrates another quatrain of the same great poem.

* * * *

I have not in any way exhausted my catalogue—for let me candidly confess that these desultory jottings are *my* way of keeping a library catalogue—of Omar Khayyám books. Here is Mr. Quaritch's early buckram edition, and here the two volumes of FitzGerald's works bearing Mr. Quaritch's imprint as well as that of Houghton, Mifflin. Of course I have the vellum edition of the Macmillans, and the three-volume edition of "Letters and Literary Remains" edited by Mr. Aldis Wright. Mr. Aldis Wright and Mr. Quaritch are not quite at one as to the moral ownership of FitzGerald's great poem, Mr. Quaritch holding that FitzGerald gave him the poem, but the legal ownership of Mr. Wright is indisputable, and in any case it does not much matter now that the Macmillans have given us a cheap edition, and that two years or so will see the exhaustion of the copyright of the first version. I must, however, confess to some surprise at the laxness with which Mr. Wright and the Macmillans have asserted their ownership of the copyright during the past two or three years. More than one bookseller might surely have been called to account for selling pirated editions.

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I do not, alas, possess a first edition of FitzGerald's Poem—that first edition which found its way into the "fourpenny box." Mr. Quaritch once offered me one for five pounds, but I doubt if one can be bought to-day for less than double that amount. However, my friend Mr. Thomas Wise, whose reprints of rare books have long been a joy to his friends, has in a measure compensated me by the present of an exact facsimile of the thin, anonymous quarto of 1859. That book I have made doubly valuable by adding thereto a letter from Mr. Swinburne, addressed to me during the year of my presidency of the Omar Khayyám Club. I read Mr. Swinburne's letter to the members, and it was published in the newspapers of the time, but my readers will thank me for recalling it here:—

March 4, '96.

Dear Mr. Shorter,—I am sorry that I must, with many thanks, decline the invitation of the Omar Khayyám Club. As to the immortal tent-maker himself, I believe I may claim to be one of his earliest English admirers. It is upwards of thirty-six years since I was introduced to him by D. G. Rossetti, who had just been introduced himself—I believe by Mr. Whitley Stokes. At that time the first and best edition of FitzGerald's wonderful version was being sold off at a penny a copy—having proved hopelessly unsaleable at the published price of a shilling. We invested (I should think) in hardly less than sixpennyworth apiece, and on returning to the stall next day for more, found that we had sent up the market to the sinfully extravagant sum of twopence—an imposition which evoked from Rossetti a fervent and impressive remonstrance. Not so very long afterwards, if I mistake not, the price of a copy was thirty shillings. It is the only edition worth having—as FitzGerald, like the ass of genius he was, cut out of later editions the crowning stanza, which is the core or kernel of the whole. As to the greatness of the poem, I can say no more than I have tried to say in print. I know none to be compared with it for power, pathos, and beauty, in the same line of thought and work, except possibly Ecclesiastes; and magnificent as that is, I can hardly think the author comparable to Omar either as philosopher or as poet.—Yours very truly, A. C. Swinburne.

Mr. Swinburne's "crowning stanza" is number forty-five of the first edition:—

> But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
> The Quarrel of the Universe let be;
> And in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
> Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.

It may be mentioned, however, that Macmillan's illustrated edition is a reprint of the first, and contains this verse, and that all their other editions contain the different variations. FitzGerald omitted the quatrain from his second and third version.

* * * *

Other Omar Khayyáms in my library are the translations or translations of translations by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, and Mr. John Leslie Garner, Mr. E. H. Whinfield's interesting book in *Trübner's Oriental Series*, and the extraordinary translation by Mr. John Payne that was made for the Villon Society, in which he describes FitzGerald's "elegant paraphrase" as "so exceedingly loose and so extravagantly wide of the mark that it affords practically no idea of the original." Then there are the three books by Mr. Edward Heron-Allen, one of them a series of photographic reproductions from the manuscript in the Bodleian Library in which he misspells FitzGerald's name throughout, another a report of a lecture, and the third an attempt to collate FitzGerald's poem with its Persian originals.* This brings me to a point of some importance. The Omar Khayyám Club as a

* Rubâ'iyât of Omar Khayyám. English, French, German, Italian, and Danish translations comparatively arranged in accordance with the text of Edward FitzGerald's version. With further selections, notes, biographies, and other material. Edited by Nathan Haskell Dole. In two volumes. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page and Co. London: Macmillan and Co. 1898.

* The Rubâ'iyât of Omar Khayyám. A facsimile of the MS. in the Bodleian Library. Translated and edited by Edward Heron-Allen. 1898.

Some Side-lights upon Edward FitzGerald's Poem, The Rubâ'iyât of Omar Khayyám. Being the substance of a lecture delivered at the Grosvenor Gallery Club and Women's Institute on the 22nd March, 1898. 1898.

Edward FitzGerald's Rubâ'iyât of Omar Khayyám, with their original Persian Sources. Collated from his own MSS., and literally translated by Edward Heron-Allen. 1899.

body knows no Persian. One or two of its members are looked up to with reverence on account of their reputation in that direction, but when the Persian Minister at the Court of St. James's became a guest of the Club it was remarked that these reputed scholars kept dismally in the background, and it is further reported that they waxed eloquent over the wine upon the differences between a written and a spoken language. Of course the Club has no right to exist with such a name, and it necessarily provokes the smiles of the learned, but its members enjoy its meetings all the same.

One capable Persian scholar, writing in the *Cambridge Review* concerning Mr. Heron-Allen's first book, said :—

> If the book under notice were to be "crowned" by the Omar Khayyám Club we should not be greatly astonished; its claims to rank as a contribution to Oriental scholarship are frivolous and impertinent.

Be that as it may—and I am inclined to think that the impertinence lies with the *Cambridge Reviewer*—we are entitled to find out from any source available what there is in FitzGerald's poem independent of what he owed to the Persian tentmaker. And a study of Mr. Heron-Allen's book, whatever may be its place in "Oriental scholarship," does clear up this point. I remember that in one of my many conversations with that delightful companion and sound Persian scholar, the late Professor Stuart Poole, of the British Museum, he assured me that although he had not given much attention to the subject, he was sure that Omar could not have given expression to the philosophy laid down in FitzGerald's translation, as had he done so he would most certainly have been put to death; and the view has grown up since then that all the real charm of Omar Khayyám, that has made his work appeal so strongly to the best minds of our generation, is to be found in FitzGerald, and not in the original. Be the faults of Mr. Heron-Allen's book what they may, it serves to disprove this position. Professor Poole was doubtless right in his general view. There is no defiance of the Almighty in the original Omar; his attitude is rather the attitude of Job. There *is* such a defiance in FitzGerald. Old Omar would wish to drown the unaccountable misery of the world in wine, FitzGerald to drown "the memory of that insolence," to use his own phrase. To Omar the misery of the world was not insolence, it was simply inscrutable. Omar, too, is really sadder than his translator; had he had his choice, he tells us, he would never have wished to live. Occasionally one fears that FitzGerald has not improved upon his master, as for example in the famous and beautiful lines commencing—

> They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
> The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.

In the original we have a reference to the ruined palace "where the foxes whelp and the lions take their rest," a suggestion, surely, of greater desolation in ruin than FitzGerald's lines imply. So also is it where in the original we have—

> I saw a dove that upon its battlements
> Uttered its cry, where, where, where, where?

The translator gives us—

> I saw a solitary ring-dove there,
> And "Coo, coo," she cried, and "Coo, coo."

A piece of poetic imagery in which surely there is truer poetry in the old original. But when all this is said, FitzGerald's poem, in which we have the concentration of some five hundred stanzas into one hundred and ten, is still entitled to all the praise that has been claimed for it. It answers perfectly to Lord Tennyson's oft-quoted criticism on the "golden Eastern lay":—

> Than which I know no version done
> In English more divinely well;
> A planet equal to the sun
> Which cast it, that large infidel
> Your Omar; and your Omar drew
> Full-handed plaudits from our best
> In modern letters, and from two,
> Old friends outvaluing all the rest,
> Two voices heard on earth no more.

Clement K. Shorter.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

In the presence of an assembly representing the municipal, educational, artistic and social life of the city of Birmingham, Mr. J. Thackray Bunce was, on March 21st, presented with the honorary freedom of Birmingham, subscribing his name to a roll which is jealously reserved, only four other names, including that of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, being upon it. The Lord Mayor (Alderman Beale) said that in all the advances made in the city during the past forty years Mr. Bunce played a most important, if sometimes an unseen part. Mr. Bunce, in a reply which embraced an interesting review of the growth of Birmingham, spoke of the honour as coming from a city which was not, as was popularly supposed, of mushroom growth, but which was an organised and thriving community before the Conquest, and whose history had been always characterised by three great notes—a certain individuality of corporate action, capacity to secure progress through knowledge, and a devotion to freedom in all its forms.

Mr. W. E. Linaker, who has been for several years editor of the *Cornish Telegraph*, Penzance, has just relinquished that position to join his brother, Mr. Percy Linaker, in the management of the *Leamington Chronicle*, which the Messrs. Linaker have purchased. Mr. Linaker has been chairman of the Cornwall Sub-district of the Institute of Journalists.

The last twelve months have seen a large development in the principal newspaper properties of Liverpool. Each of the three morning papers, the *Mercury*, *Daily Post*, and *Courier*, has completed costly machine installations, and has enlarged from eight-paged to ten- or twelve-paged issues as the pressure of news or advertisements demands. The new machinery is claimed to be the most advanced and perfect news-machinery of the day, and in the case of the *Daily Post*, is driven by electricity. Liverpool has nothing to desire at present as regards a morning or evening news supply.

Mr. H. Midgley, of the reporting staff of the *Bradford Observer*, has been appointed to the sub-editorial staff, and Mr. A. G. Baker, of the *Surrey Times*, Guildford, has joined the reporting staff.

The editor of the *Lancashire Daily Post*, Preston, Mr. T. Meech, has been appointed editor of the *London Morning*, in future to be known as the *Morning Herald*. The paper has been acquired in conjunction with the *Echo*, by the Consolidated Newspapers, Limited.

In connection with the West Riding District of the Institute of Journalists a very successful reception and conversazione took place on Saturday, March 18th, at the Queen's Hotel, Leeds, when over 150 ladies and gentlemen assembled to meet the Lord Mayor of Leeds (Colonel T. W. Harding) and Sir Wemyss Reid (President of the Institute). Every town in the district was represented, and the gathering also included journalists from York.

Mr. W. W. Hargrove, after fifty-six years' service, has announced his intention to retire from the active work of managing-director of the *Yorkshire Herald*. He will, however, retain his seat on the Board.

Mr. Harold Hodge's sub-editor on the *Saturday Review* is Mr. Edward Salmon, who held the editorial chair of the now suspended *Home News* for some years. He commenced his

journalistic career as private secretary to Mr. T. H. S. Escott, when that gentleman was editing the *Fortnightly*, and wrote for him an article which attracted considerable attention at the time on "What Boys Read." He has published two small books of critical estimates of men of the day, and of late years has contributed many articles to the monthly reviews. It is an open secret that he is the author of the two anonymous articles on Lord Rosebery and John Morley which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* a month or two back, and which caused so much speculation and many misstatements regarding their authorship. Mr. Salmon is still a very young man.

There is still another change to report in connection with the staff of the *Preston Herald*. Mr. Taylor, of Barrow-in-Furness, who joined the paper a few weeks ago, has resigned, and Mr. Hibbert Ware, of the *Manchester Evening Mail*, succeeds him.

Mr. A. H. Luke, of the *Wellington Weekly News* (Somerset) has just accepted an appointment on the *Penarth Times*.

The proprietors of the *Carlisle Patriot* and the *East Cumberland News* have recently acquired, for £7,300, larger and more commodious premises in English Street, Carlisle. The premises have a frontage of thirty feet on to the Market Place, and have a depth of 150 feet. Curiously enough, the *Patriot* was printed in a portion of the block on its establishment in 1815.

Scotland.

Mr. James Barron, eldest son of Mr. James Barron, editor of the *Inverness Courier*, has received an appointment on the sub-editorial staff of the *Financial Times*.

The sudden death of Mr. Robert Livingston, manager of the *Northern Chronicle*, Inverness, has aroused deep regret. Mr. Livingston was the successful manager of the *Chronicle* for eighteen years.

Mr. Hugh L. Allan, a well-known and widely respected Ayrshire journalist, has just attained his jubilee as a pressman. Mr. Allan's journalistic career has been wholly passed on one newspaper—the *Ayr Advertiser*—one of the oldest newspapers in Scotland, and one of the few weeklies that has not been reduced to the almost universal penny.

Mr. J. Allan, of *Scottish Sport*, has assumed charge of the athletic department of the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*, a new position just created on that paper; and Mr. Buist, Dundee, succeeds Mr. Allan in the *Scottish Sport* office.

The death has just taken place of Mr. Joseph Black, the Paisley representative of the Glasgow *Evening News*, at the age of thirty-three years, from pneumonia. Mr. Black was a capable and zealous journalist.

A movement has been again started among Glasgow journalists for the establishment of a press club in that city.

Mr. H. T. Templeton, of the *Dundee Courier* reporting staff, has been appointed chief reporter of that paper, in succession to Mr. Kenneth Burke, who has acquired a printing and publishing business in Dundee. On the occasion of his leaving, Mr. Burke was entertained to a complimentary dinner by the members of the *Courier* literary staff.

Wales.

The death is announced at Fishguard, Pembrokeshire, of Mr. Morgan Evans, a well-known journalist and litterateur. Deceased commenced life as an agriculturalist, but many years ago went to London, where he edited *The Farmer* and *The Squire*.

Mr. J. O. Jones ("Ap Ffarnwr,") leader-writer on the *Nottingham Daily Express* and formerly editor of the *Merthyr Times*, died at Nottingham on the 3rd ult.

Ireland.

Mr. W. Campbell (*Cork Constitution*) has been appointed correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Mr. Peter O'Sullivan, of the London staff of the *Freeman's Journal*, has joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. His place has been taken by Mr. P. Hooper, of the editorial staff of the paper. Mr. Jock Hill, late chief reporter of the *Independent*, who has just returned from Australia, has joined the gallery staff of the *Freeman's Journal*.

Limerick can now boast a daily paper, the *Limerick Evening Echo*.

The linotype machines of the *Cork Examiner* are now worked by an electric motor.

The annual meeting of the Ulster District of the Institute of Journalists was held on Saturday, 4th ult. Mr. F. J. Campbell, editor of the *Irish News*, was appointed chairman for 1899, in place of Mr. John McBride, whose year of office had terminated. Mr. R. McComb, *Evening Telegraph*, was appointed secretary, and Mr. Hugh Pearson, *Northern Whig*, re-elected hon. treasurer. Sir James Henderson was appointed representative of the district on the Orphan Fund Committee, and Mr. A. McMonagh representative on the Council. In the evening, Sir James Henderson entertained the members of the district to dinner in the Metropole Hotel, and a large number of journalists and others accepted invitations.

Isle of Man.

The growing popularity and increasing circulation of the *Isle of Man Examiner* have impelled the proprietors of that journal to set about providing fresh headquarters. They have secured what is perhaps the finest site in Victoria Street—the principal business thoroughfare in Douglas—and have thereon commenced the erection of what promise to be large and commodious offices and printing works.

Mr. S. H. Hackney, a Lancashire journalist of considerable experience, has joined the staff of the *Manx Sun*.

In connection with the next Annual Conference of the Institute of Journalists, which is to be held in Liverpool in September, Manx newspaper men are arranging to give their brethren from the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland a hearty welcome to the Isle of Man, an excursion to that interesting little spot in the Irish Channel being part of the Conference programme.

NEW BOOKS.

ASPECTS OF RELIGIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT: ESSAYS BY RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.*

The essays contained in this volume are well chosen and well arranged, and although they appeared at different dates between 1870 and 1895, they read almost as though they were consecutive chapters in a continuous treatise.

Mr. Hutton was a man of definite opinions, with a singularly well-balanced judgment, and although the views which he held on some of the topics of controversy with which he has dealt in these papers are not always accordant with what is commonly regarded as strict orthodoxy, yet they have the merit of being consistent, and he is able in each case to give cogent and intelligible reasons for the position which he takes. In his younger days he characterised the intellectual exercises of a relative by saying that he "dived into metaphysics and came up muddy"; but this certainly cannot be said of himself, for when he enters upon fields of thought quite as obscure as his relative's metaphysics, he always comes up clear, coherent, and intelligible.

It was eminently characteristic of his disposition of mind that he took pains to understand the standpoint of his adversary; and, as he was a man with acute perception and wide sympathies, he generally succeeded in this, so that he seldom can be accused of misrepresenting the opinions on which he animadverts. Certainly, in the essays selected here, he is always fair in stating the case of those from whom he differs, and his criticisms, though always firm, are seldom trenchant and never discourteous.

These essays deal with a fairly extensive series of topics—Scepticism in various forms, Materialism, Prayer, Miracles, Inspiration, Atonement, Free Will, the Future of Mankind, etc. It is therefore not possible in the compass of a short notice to do more than touch upon some of the more outstanding points which strike the reader in the study of these essays as a whole.

Throughout the series of papers Mr. Hutton's own position is, in general, that of Christian orthodoxy. The one essay in which he supports a view discordant therewith is that on Prayers for the Dead. Here his belief in the admissibility of such intercession is dependent on the views he entertained regarding the state of the soul after death. He held that, as Revelation is silent on the subject of the unchangeability of the state of those who have passed beyond the veil, it is a natural assumption that whatever prayer can do for the living it can also do for the dead. They cannot be beyond the power of God, and therefore cannot be beyond the reach of prayer. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that, in his opinion, prayer for those who, with numberless faults, have died young is far more hopeful than prayer for those who, though still living, are living with all

* "Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought." By the late Richard Holt Hutton. 5s. (Macmillan.)

their faults hardened into the rigidity of habitual sin. He does not, I think, give sufficient weight to the evidence incidentally afforded in Revelation, that the state of probation is limited to this world, and, even were the evidence as negligeable as he makes it out to be, in our confessed ignorance of the state of the souls of the dead, there is not much room for hope that the future of those who have used ill their period of probation here is likely to be affected by the prayers of their surviving friends. Here his opinion is distinctly biassed by his intensely sympathetic disposition.

His belief regarding the future state was practically that of Maurice, that eternal death is the separation of the soul from God and immersion in self, and that this state was not necessarily one of finality, but would end if by any means the evil will which kept the soul apart from God were overcome. In the essay on "Maurice as a Heresiarch" he endeavours to set forth this view, but seems conscious of some of the obvious difficulties. This essay and the other which refer to the position of Maurice as a religious teacher have particular interest, because the spiritual development of the two men was so alike. Both were brought up as Unitarians, both were led to give up the beliefs in which they were educated and to adopt the Trinitarian position. The intense inwardness of Maurice's faith and his mysticism exercised a profound influence in moulding the course of Hutton's religious life. In Maurice the development was the result of a yearning after a centre of more perfect unity with others, and in the Eternal Nature of God there appeared to him a self-revelation of something more than merely the manifestation of lonely power and lonely will. The History of Israel was to him a record of Divine guidance, tending steadily and with increasing clearness to the manifestation of the Eternal Son of God in human nature as one who sould perfectly reveal the Father's will to the world and make cuch a perfect reconciliation of the world to God as was needed by sinful, suffering, and rebellious humanity. To both these men the God who revealed Himself in the agony of the cross was one in whom they felt compelled to believe, and they both were drawn unto Him, feeling that the most impressive features of this self-revelation of God were ignored by Unitarianism. The want of this appreciation of Christ as the perfect revealer of God's will to man they both regarded as the cause of the degeneration of Unitarianism in modern times by which it has largely become a vague disposition to worship the laws of nature, or even an ethical variety of scientific agnosticism.

This clear appreciation of the far-reaching effects of the Incarnation as a cardinal truth is seen as a thread through many of these essays. Thus, in treating of the papers of Dr. Abbott and Mr. Llewellyn Davies on miracles, Hutton has apparently this thought in his mind all through the discussion, that if we believe in the stupendous miracle of God being manifested in the flesh, all the individual mighty works which He wrought sink into a subordinate place as mere details. Similarly in the cycle of essays on Prayer the central idea is that the kernel of all prayer is "Thy will be done." Such petitions as are in essence only short and easy cuts to the thing next our heart, addressed, not to the perfect righteousness and love of the God of infinite purity, but to the most powerful of all executives, upon whom this form of prayer is the bringing pressure to bear for private ends, are not prayers at all in Christ's sense. It was to reveal the need and method of the unification of the human will with the divine that the Son of God was manifested, and it is in the light of this that Christ's teaching concerning prayer is to be understood. Hence those paradoxical precepts in the Sermon on the Mount he regards, not as intended to be literal commands, but examples to inculcate sympathy with the divine spirit of forgiveness.

Another series of these essays deals with the feeling of dissatisfaction with things as they are, which is the dominant note among certain schools of poets and essayists. This moral *ennui* and lack of certainty he considers to be due to the vast surface which the present conditions of life present, over which men's thoughts are diffused. Each real worker has a region which occupies all his thoughts, and his pre-occupation with it prevents him from getting down seriously to the roots of things in which are the foundations of faith. The development of research and the critical spirit have sundered the world of intellect from the world of faith, so that one whose time is mostly taken up with the former finds it impossible, or at least difficult, to orient himself to the condition of the latter in those fag-ends of time which he gives to the matters of the spirit. The operation of this Zeitgeist is to be seen among the more philosophic of the poets of the present day, and Hutton has devoted three of the most striking of his essays to this subject. The wails of despair and tragic cries of desolation from the depths born of the contemplation of the conflicts of man with man, evil with good, or man with the inexorable forces of nature, these come from the limitation of the poet's view to but one side of the picture, leading him to harp on one or only a few strings. In the essay, one of the finest in the series, on Human Sympathy and Religious Capacity, he deals with another aspect of the same subject, the reflex effect, upon many men of warm philanthropic spirit, of the contemplation of suffering, often on the part of those who are innocent. St John makes the love of God only possible on the part of those who love their brethren, but these lovers of their brethren are by the fire of their very love turned to atheism in passionate protest against what seems to them the inexorable severity of the course of nature.

Many other important subjects are dealt with to which we have not space to refer. In the first essay, on the value of the repetition of the creeds as a part of worship, he lays stress on the effect of this practice as a means of establishing the faith of the individual. One questions, however, whether the kind of faith which is the outcome of habitual iteration of one's beliefs is really of sufficient value to outweigh the sense of hypocrisy in the repetition of articles of faith by one who is not thoroughly persuaded of their truth, or still more, the deadening effect of such habitual repetitions. If one looks round a congregation of people singing some of the familiar hymns, in which such terrible lines occur as "Even though it be a cross that raiseth me," it takes but little observation to see that the percentage that attaches any meaning to the words they are using is but a small one.

In other essays we have the echoes of famous controversies, as in that on Tyndall's crude and ill-digested Belfast lecture, which is followed by a review of Martineau's masterly answer to it. Newman, Jowett, Gladstone, Kingsley, Bishop Magee, Tulloch, Mill, Morley, Matthew Arnold and others have afforded texts for several of these papers, so the reader is provided with a very varied bill of fare. On account of the form in which these originally appeared in the *Spectator*, they are all short, some much too short for the full development of their themes, but there are few writers of the present day who could have set forth in such a narrow compass the essential points of each of these topics with such force and fulness.

Alex. Macalister.

EUROPEAN LITERATURE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.*

Mr. Snell has chosen, or accepted the choice of, a magnificent subject—one of the *gauds* in the bead-roll of epochs to which this series is devoted. Intermediate in time between the two periods already treated, the fourteenth century offers us a literature far more intimately related to life, far more eloquent of the raptures and agonies of men and of nations, than the age of "flourishing Romance"; while the "Later Renaissance," not inferior to it in this respect, has the serious defect, for the purpose of collective presentation, that its most splendid literatures were comparatively isolated growths, cut off from mutual influence of moment by the fissuring hatreds of the Reformation time. It may be too much to say, with Mr. Snell, that the fourteenth century "differs from earlier ages in being a time of great personalities"—such a title, to go no further back, can hardly be denied to its immediate predecessor, the age of Frederick II., Edward I., St. Louis, Francis, Dominic, Bacon, Aquinas. But we may justly assert that personality found more intense and memorable expression in literature than ever before since the decay of the Roman world. Literary form, hitherto for the most part a means of communicating a given matter to a given public, becomes, in addition, the *lebendiges kleid* which the spirit of a Dante or a Chaucer fashions for itself. The continuity of tradition, the even tenour of the school, is broken through; the history of style and manner begins to be perplexing and involved. At the same time it is not difficult to seize certain broad features, the decay of feudalism, the rise of the bourgeois; the end of the French monopoly, the nascent hegemony of Italy; these were moments in the vast European drama of fourteenth century literature, by which hardly any country or writer was wholly unaffected. Nor is there much in

* "Periods of European Literature: The Fourteenth Century." By F. J. Snell. 6s. (Blackwood.)

the literature of the fourteenth century which does not stand in some relation to the work of Dante. Mr. Snell has shown himself admirably alive to these larger points of view, as well as a competent guide to the multitudinous detail which is apt to obscure them. Instead of following the matter-of-fact plan of dealing in successive chapters with the literatures of the several countries, he has grouped kindred phenomena together in a luminous and often suggestive fashion. The core of the book is the central chapter on Dante—an excellent piece of work, somewhat overmuch embarrassed by a kind of guerilla warfare with critics and commentators, and by the discussion of personal questions, such as the nature and quality of "Gemma," out of all proportion to their intrinsic moment in a volume of this scale. On page 182 the reader should have been warned that the words attributed to Dante (the account of the battle of Campaldino) are from one of the letters, the doubtfulness of which Mr. Snell had himself on an earlier page pointed out, as well as being hard to reconcile with the text of the comedy. He hardly, to our mind, does justice to the lasting intellectual interest of Dante's work when he dismisses its "dim speculative background" to the limbo of the dead past. "As a political pamphlet the *Commedia* is dead." The "notion of a universal empire directed by a German" is doubtless "vapid" enough; but how far this is from exhausting even the "political" significance of Dante! It was not for the sake of a new German empire that the Italian Carbonari, groaning under the heel of the one that already existed, fatigued even their patron Byron with their interminable and boundless worship of Dante. It is not for nothing, surely, that democracy and Protestantism claim their share in Dante—the man of whom his philosophic guide took final leave in the memorable words: *io ti sovra te corono e mitrio.* Nor can we think that the following suggestion shows much insight into Dante's mind: "For myself I am by no means certain that the choice of such a title as *Commedia* was not intended to suggest the grim irony, the downright absurdity of human life." But the chapter is a valuable sketch, informed throughout with critical acumen.

The remainder of the volume is arranged with much skill about this central theme. The first three chapters, leading up to it, depict successive steps in the birth of modern literature, consummated in Dante—the "end of court poetry," the dissipation of the old "matters" of Romance in floods of promiscuous invention—*romans d'aventures*, expansions of Wolfram and Conrad, Norse *rimur* and *lygisögur*, and the kindred English breed which provoked "Sir Thopas"—a process of decay rarely relieved by such genuine re-creation of the old motives as we find in our "Gawain and the Grene Knight." Then, the "rise of town-verse"—a term scarcely yet qualified in English for the rôle it has to perform as the equivalent of *bürgerlich*—among German *meistersingers* and the rhymers at French *puis*. Dante, too, was a "town-poet," but his work serves to remind us that (as Mr. Snell does not perhaps quite emphatically enough) the growth of "town-poetry," barren as its early stages often seemed, was a necessary step in the unfolding of the modern spirit. Finally, the rise of the new lyric—carefully traced in its stages through Guittone d'Arezzo, Guido Cavalcante, the young Dante, Petrarch, and the "new French school" of Machault, Deschamps, Froissart. Even Cymric provincialism is not forgotten, and Dafydd ap Gwillym is drawn from his wild Wales to sit in a modest niche at Petrarch's feet. Most translators of George Borrow's idol, especially Welsh ones, make him too English; we would suggest that in another edition Mr. Snell might offer his readers the striking rendering of the "Song of the Wind" by Mr. Ernest Rhys. The sequel to Dante is formed, as naturally, by four chapters, tracing successively the several literary developments which, in their relation to Dante, are represented by the names of Boccaccio, Chaucer, Villani, and Langland. All these chapters bear the impress of solid work and critical instinct. A large part of the entire volume gives a far better account of its special matter than is to be found elsewhere in English. Naturally, the sentence does not quite bear the omission of the last two words; and indeed, here and there, we become conscious that the work of some German *maestro di color che sanno* has intervened more effectively between the description and the book described than is for the most part the case; now it is Gaspary whose echo we seem to hear, now a name like "Wischnou-sarma" betrays the German spelling of an Indian name. No one will quarrel with the author of a volume so daringly comprehensive for trifles of this kind; we are rather grateful for the very large amount of good work which he has put into it. So adequately to execute a task so Herculean demanded great and various gifts; among them no despicable accomplishment in the tongues. Mr. Snell pleads guilty to being "exceedingly backward in Icelandic, whilst his Welsh is even more elementary"; but this negation is, as the Hegelians say, an implicit affirmation, and the plea that in these two regions he has an imperfect *locus standi* leaves him the greater part of Europe, on which, so far as we can see, he stands with great ease and by good right. We wish all success to the volume.

C. H. HERFORD.

DR. HUME BROWN'S SCOTLAND.*

This latest addition to the Cambridge Historical Series fills quite a unique place among the many histories of Scotland. In a modest volume of 400 pages it gives an admirably concise, as well as scholarly and impartial, account of the country, from the date of its occupation by the Romans in the year 80 down to the death of James the Fifth in 1542. Its size, of course, effectually precludes the author from indulging in that fulness of detail which is to be found in the standard histories of Tytler, Hill

From Photo by] DR. P. HUME BROWN. *[Moffat, Edinburgh.*

Burton, E. W. Robertson, and Skene; but in no other respect does it fall below these; and in some respects it excels each and all of them. Of these, Hill Burton alone covers such a long period; and Dr. Hume Brown has Hill Burton's calm, fair, judicious way of looking at things, without his too frequent, and sometimes rather irritating, lapses into error in matters of detail. Skene's Celtic Scotland is of great value in many ways, and not least for the bold and ingenious theories which so often enrich its pages; but the cumbrous plan of the work made it impossible to avoid repetition, and the author was occasionally inclined to put too much weight on a mere theory. On the other hand, Dr. Hume Brown shuns repetition and shuns theory. In matters of original research, Tytler did far more than Hill Burton, and that, too, when the State Papers were not so easy of access. It was perhaps only natural in the circumstances that he should have sometimes over-rated the importance of documents which he was the first to bring to light. In these days of ample calendars there is not the same pressing necessity

* "History of Scotland. Vol. I. to the Accession of Mary Stewart." By P. Hume Brown, M.A., LL.D. With seven maps. 6s. (Cambridge: At the University Press. 1899.)

for original research in the records on the part of the historian, but Dr. Hume Brown has not neglected MS. sources of information.

In writing such a brief history of a long period, there must have been a great temptation to skim and summarise the works of his outstanding predecessors, but this temptation has been resolutely resisted, and the result is a work of independent merit and permanent value. From his first page to his last Dr. Hume Brown has availed himself of the most recent discoveries of record and other scholars. Notwithstanding all that has been, and is now being, done in this direction, there are still many obscure passages and many inexplicable problems in the history of Scotland. These difficulties are frankly recognised by him, without any attempt to minimise them or to slur them over. His candour in such cases, combined with his caution in the statement of facts, and the unfailing fairness of his judgments, inspire the reader with confidence in the general reliability of the work. And that confidence is not weakened by any attempt at fine writing or any striving after the picturesque. It must not be supposed, however, that the book is dull, or that it is a hard, dry narrative. From the very earliest period, Dr. Hume Brown is careful to show the bearing which the struggles between the various races, and the contentions of rival factions, had on the consolidation and development of the nation; and from the time of Malcolm Canmore he is able to enliven the story by many interesting personal touches.

In the course of the work there are a few points—such as the terms of Edgar's grant to Durham, and Wallace's alleged wasting of the country in advance of the English army before the battle of Falkirk—which do not seem to me to be quite so certain as they are to the writer; but compared with the rest of the work these points are as the dust of the balance. The volume is the outcome of painstaking, conscientious labour, and happily gives one the pleasure—as real as it is rare in these days of slip-shod writing—of being able to praise it unstintedly. The same high level will no doubt be maintained in the second volume. Long may Dr. Hume Brown's skilful and scholarly pen abide in its strength. D. HAY FLEMING.

DR. FAIRBAIRN ON CATHOLICISM.*

II.

The criticism of this volume in the March number of THE BOOKMAN is from the pen of an opponent whose courtesy and candour Dr. Fairbairn has already experienced and acknowledged. Dr. Barry replied to one of these essays when it first appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, and now in reviewing the collected essays he has confined himself practically to the same point, the philosophical basis of Newman's thinking. Dr. Fairbairn maintains and reiterates his conviction, and, we must say, seems to prove, that this basis was philosophical scepticism, a rooted disbelief in the capacity of reason unaided by external authority even to grasp and accept Revelation. Newman was so impressed by what he calls the "all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious inquiries," that he allows to private reason the one function in this field of ascertaining "what and where is the Church?" Dr. Barry denies what seems to be the obvious inference, but robs what might be a very illuminating discussion of its interest by indicating that were Dr. Fairbairn's criticism established, then the Cardinal would be repudiated. This would be to put the crown of pathos upon that pathetic life, which, at the cost of all it held dearest, purchased what looked like peace, but seems to have proved a life-long martyrdom. But it would not turn the edge of Dr. Fairbairn's criticism of the English Catholic movement which found in Newman its philosophical explanation and apology, while it would be very far from exhausting the scope of his argument against Catholicism.

Nevertheless, the title suggests a handling of the subject both larger and more systematic than the contents warrant. It might better have been entitled, Essays on Neo-Catholicism in England. The spirit in which it is written deserves the highest praise. Full justice has not yet been done to the candour and generosity of Dr. Fairbairn as a controversialist. His confidence in truth is so great that he can dare to see and acknowledge the high qualities and services of those whose system he condemns. His interest in the subject began with that admiring, almost affectionate, regard with which so many of us have been drawn towards the leaders of the Oxford Movement. And even the disillusionment, which has been bitter, has not embittered his judgment. It would be hard to find even in the literature of the party a more eloquent and sympathetic recognition of the religious value of the Anglo-Catholic movement, "which made many men better Christians by making them Catholics," or more sincere and generous appreciation of the piety and devotion of the leaders. Dr. Fairbairn is a standing rebuke to those who can see nothing good in Catholicism, no truth, however distorted, in the Ritualist movement. At the same time, the charity of his spirit and breadth of his sympathy only make more impressive the indictment he brings against a system which is philosophically unsound and historically discredited.

Dr. Fairbairn does good service by brushing aside all the wearisome and arid discussion on "notes," "continuity," "succession," and the like, and recalling us to the true criticism of a Church which claims to be of Christ, the measure in which it incarnates the Idea of its Founder and carries on His redemptive ministry. The Church grows out of Religion, and must be tested by its conformity to the spirit which created it. Its function is to declare the truth, and by its manifold witness in thought, worship, and life to bring saving health to men. Catholicism is first tested in regard to its efficiency in witnessing for truth. And it is seen to have failed, and failed most completely, precisely where its supremacy has been unchallenged. The evidence is strewn on the pages of history as well as on the face of Europe to-day. Dr. Fairbairn appeals to the eighteenth century, and the divergent issues of the Deistic controversy in England and in France. In England Deism was vanquished by Protestant defence. The apologists triumphed: "when the century ended religion was far more strongly entrenched in the heart and reason of the English people than it had been when the century began." In France, on the other hand, whence Protestantism had been expelled so that Catholicism might have it all its own way, the contest ended in a victory for the assailants of faith. Catholicism failed to fulfil its function of convincing the world of the truth of its message. And so in the middle of this century, when Catholicism had again a great opportunity in England, when men were seeking a new basis for religious life, for social effort and political energy, when England was waking to new views of life and nature, Catholicism as interpreted by the leaders of the Oxford Movement had no contribution to offer in the name of religion, no constructive interpretation of the Religion of Christ relevant to the new needs, but only a summons to escape from Liberalism by shrinking back into mediævalism. Newman, who, whether he was a representative Romanist or not, was surely the representative mind of Anglo-Catholicism, "succeeded wonderfully in making Roman Catholics of Anglicans; but he failed in the apologetic that saves the infidel, and baptizes the spirit of a rational and revolutionary age into the faith of Christ."

Perhaps the strongest thing in the book is the chapter on Catholicism and Historical Criticism. The Catholic Church justifies the many and amazing differences between its doctrine, worship, and polity, and those prescribed or suggested in its constitutive document, the New Testament, by a persistent appeal to the doctrine of development. But there must be a continuity in development and at least a consistency between the germ-idea and the organic result. Dr. Fairbairn exhibits in a few brilliant pages the essential characteristics of the Christian Idea, and then the marked inconsistency of that which claims to have been developed out of it. Christianity was a priestless religion. This was indeed its most unique and startling feature. Its Founder had been equally at issue with priestism and with scribism. He studiously avoided every suggestion of a continuous official priesthood in His Church. The primitive Church reflected in the Epistles presents us with every conceivable office and function—with the one exception of the priestly. "Nothing could have been harder than to avoid the use of terms which were on all men's lips when they spoke of religion." And yet the Catholic Church makes priesthood and priestcraft the very nerve and sinew of its system of salvation. Dr. Fairbairn traces with equal force and perspicuity the intrusion into this priestless religion of priesthood and sacrifice. The influence of the Old Testament, or rather of one part of Israel's history, appealed to in blind indifference to prophetic criticism and the significant silence of Christ, com-

* "Catholicism, Roman and Anglican." By A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. 7s. 6d. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

bined with the influence of surrounding religions and the immemorial habits of men to transform Christianity into Catholicism. More familiar is the parallel process also worked out by Dr. Fairbairn by which the spontaneous fellowship of believers organised under the sovereignty of Christ, knit into one Body by the indwelling Spirit, was transformed into a legal corporation governed by an infallible man, and held together by ties which are external and political. Such transformations are not the development, but the reversal, the destruction, of the Idea. Tested by history the Christianity of the Catholic Church seems so far from being established by evidence that it depends rather on the uncovenanted mercies of God. And yet, "what claims to authenticate our fundamental beliefs must have nothing dubious about its own title-deeds."

In other chapters Dr. Fairbairn deals with the manifestations of the Catholic spirit in *Lux Mundi*, in Manning, Pusey, and others. He does not go out to analyse and test the stupendous system as it has embodied itself in creed and history. He allows successive manifestations of its spirit which have appeared in England in this century to appear before a sane and cultivated judgment, which is withal Christian and charitable, and in spite of all that is imposing and of much that is worthy of respect, he finds it historically, ethically, and philosophically wanting. C. Anderson Scott.

MR. MOSCHELES' FRAGMENTS OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

If the friends of Mr. Moscheles had been quite unknown to fame, instead of being in many cases men of note, he would have made a very pleasant, readable book about them. It is not so much his reminiscences of Browning and Mazzini, Mendelssohn and Rossini, that attract us, as the unintentional portraiture of his own personality, radiant with good spirits, sweet nature, and quick wits. In his father's brilliant circle he had a fortunate introduction to the world, but outside that he has made many illustrious friends, chiefly, one gathers, because of his unaffectedness and his abundant sympathy. How warmly

From Photo by [*Miss Roche.*

MR. FELIX MOSCHELES.

he feels towards old comrades we learnt in his "In Bohemia with Du Maurier." In this volume, which covers a wider field, he has not exhausted his memories. A third book is promised.

Perhaps it would have been well for the general reader if Mr. Moscheles had let himself go rather more in his Mendelssohn reminiscences. On the ground that so much has already appeared in his mother's life of his father, and in the Letters of Mendelssohn to his family, which he edited some years ago, he has omitted a great deal that would have been of deep interest. Such over-scrupulousness is, however, a fault on the right side; and the fresh matter is not inconsiderable. New stories of the great composer as the lover and playmate of children are welcome, and the picture of him at Buckingham Palace answering the Queen's question as to what pleasure she could give him, by a request to see the royal nurseries and have their arrangements explained to him, will delight many, and may surprise some. His description of Browning as the most courteous and modest of men is only confirmatory of the testimony of everyone else; but of Mazzini and Rossini he gives impressions that are of real biographical value. It is well known that Mazzini was thought, quite wrongly, to be implicated in the Orsini affair. His friends, among them Mr. Moscheles, wished him to repudiate the charge. But he would not. "'It matters nothing,' he said, 'or rather it is well the world should believe me implicated. I never protest. Europe needs a bugbear, a watchword that threatens, a name that makes itself feared. The few syllables that go to make up my name will serve the purpose as well as any others.'" Of the Rossini ménage there are piquant glimpses, and in the master's own words an account of the famous first performance of his "Barbiere." Mr. Moscheles might have given, for he must know it, Browning's version of the incident, which interfered with one important fact, but was more picturesque than Rossini's, and had an interesting sequel.

Many of the celebrities he writes recollections of he has painted, and he has therefore had exceptional chances of studying their personalities. But he always writes in the spirit of a hearty friend, not of a student. His nature is enthusiastic rather than critical. And he has nothing of the Boswell about him. He has always had too many interests of his own to be merely a sensitive plate for recording impressions. "It is a glorious profession, that of the portrait-painter," he says; "he can button-hole his man and keep him a fixture, whilst he indoctrinates and prods him with truths, from which, under other circumstances, his victim would seek to escape." Let the world be glad for Mr. Moscheles' chances of indoctrinating his sitters with his broad humanitarianism and of leading them to ways of pleasantness and peace. A. M.

* "Fragments of an Autobiography." By Felix Moscheles. 10s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

A MOHAMMEDAN APOLOGY FOR ISLAM.*

The Syed Ameer Ali publishes in London; but he has an eye upon India. His volume is founded on original Eastern sources, of which he gives a rich and rare catalogue. But he has likewise read and digested the European writers who have dealt with Islam, from Ockley and Gibbon to Sédillot, Dozy, Palgrave, and Burton. As is well known, Ameer Ali, though a loyal Mohammedan in his own eyes, favours reform on points of such importance as polygamy, slavery, and the secluded life of the harem. He might be called without offence a Mutazalite, or modern Rationalist, keenly sensible of the need which his fellow-believers lie under, to take all possible advantage held out by Government to them of a "social and intellectual regeneration." He writes English with fluency and ease, not with much colour; he is incapable of drawing historic scenes so that we shall carry them away with us; and the tangle of names, dates, and events in which he finds himself caught, will often weary and sometimes disgust the student. On the other hand, Ameer Ali is full of information, accurate as regards time and place, skilful in arrangement, and, on his own ground, as excellent a chronicler as we have seen. He is more. The best chapters in this volume, and they are well worth reading, are the retrospects in which we escape from mere details and take a survey of the spirit, institutions, progress, and enlightenment of Islam. These, if detached, would make an interesting little book; as it is, they relieve the terrible monotony of wars, assassinations, intrigues, and sectarian quarrels, which, beginning on the death of the Prophet, do not cease until Genghiz Khan has laid waste Bagdad and the Spaniards have entered Granada.

Such are the natural limits indicated by the name Saracen, which Ameer Ali is careful not to overstep. He tells the story of Mecca, Damascus, Bagdad, Cairo, Seville, and Cordova. The Turkish, or Buyide, Mayors of the Palace come within his view; the Ottomans fall outside it. He is a mild but convinced partisan of the Abbasides, and sets down to the Ommeyades nearly all the evil which has afflicted his people or their religion. His most eloquent pages are reserved for Mansur, Mahdi, Haroun al-Rashid, and Mamun; but he can write with enthusiasm of Alp Arslan, Mahmud of Ghazni, and the Spanish

* "A Short History of the Saracens." By Ameer Ali, Syed, M.A., C.I.E., Judge of the High Court of Judicature, Calcutta. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Abdur Rahman III. On Saracen learning, whether in science, literature, or jurisprudence, he enlarges in terms which to Westerns may sound extravagant; nor indeed has he taken pains to distinguish between originality, which was seldom theirs outside the bounds of physics or astronomy, and imitation, at which they were remarkable adepts. It is too much when he asserts that "modern Europe is still working with the legacy they left behind, with the intellectual wealth they stored for their successors." The origins of modern Europe must be sought elsewhere.

And, in general, this account of the Saracens should be taken with an antidote. Perhaps Sir William Muir's "History of the Caliphate" would serve as well as any we could name. Of course, it is good for us Europeans to quit our angle of vision sometimes—to see ourselves and our ancestors from a point of view which is so distinctly opposed to our own. But we should be indulging a foolish day-dream if we supposed that men like Ameer Ali, with all their virtues, represent the impartial judge whose verdict, whether on Islam, the Crusades, or the Spaniards, is final because it is fair. Even as regards Islam, these chapters leave out the darkest shades; things are passed over because in modern language they simply cannot be told. The history of Asia turns upon customs and ways of life as indescribable as they are deep-seated; and on them the Ameer is silent. Yet we must affirm, with Sir William Muir, that all the brilliant progress and civilisation which is here dwelt upon in a sort of rapture was short-lived, because it did not reform the Mohammedan family; it paused at the door of the seraglio. "The canker-worm of polygamy, divorce, servile concubinage, and the veil, lay at the root," says Sir William, "and society, withering under the influence of these, relapsed into semi-barbarism again." If it were not so, why is the Ameer bent on a reform which, if carried out, would amount to a revolution in morals, and that, not among the Turks only, but wherever the Koran holds sway?

Maps, illustrations, genealogies, marginal notes, combine to make of this text a manual which will be largely adopted in schools and examinations. Therefore it should be ear-marked as distinctly apologetic on the one side, aggressive on the other. It defends Islam at the expense of Christianity. We can look for nothing else in a Moslem treatise. All I ask is that the point of view, the personal equation, should be steadily borne in mind.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE LIFE OF "THE OTHER HALF."*

An admirable novel, the history of an experiment made by a denizen of Piccadilly in his desire to know how "the other

MR. RICHARD WHITEING.
From Photo by W. H. Grove, Brompton Road.

half" of the world lives. Mr. Whiteing's method is effective; he draws that nether world not as it is seen by the naked eye of the reporter, but as it is felt by an artist who brings to it his own lucid perception, his own cultivated and conscious irony. The sights, sounds, and smells of the slum in Soho are transmitted through his virgin nerves as through a highly complex medium sensitive at innumerable points. He sees shades and tones of things imperceptible to ordinary vision, and tinges the whole with his own personality without destroying the actuality of the impression. Mr. Whiteing is quite as uncompromising in his realism as Mr. Arthur Morrison or Mr. Maugham, but his work has a subtlety we look for vainly in their chronicles of the sordid. He is not an unimpassioned observer; he has taken a side, and is never tired of contrasting the patience, the courage, and self-devotion of the poor with the luxury, the idleness, the fatuity of the rich. He manages to enlist our sympathy for his characters without appealing perpetually to our pity. The figures of "Low Covey" and Tilda, the Amazon—who could "fight anybody of 'er own sect in all London, bar none"—might have stepped from the pages of Dickens. There is inimitable humour in the scene where this heroine dispenses her elegant hospitality. In the later chapters, which tell of Nance's illness and death from slow poisoning in a rubber factory, the genuine pathos is somewhat obscured by a superfluity of reflection. In his detestation of the social system which produces these horrors, the author loses sight of his *dramatis personæ*, and figures on an empty stage as a denunciatory chorus. The story is a study in contrasts; but the sudden shifting of the scene from Soho to golden Mayfair affects us like a brilliant succession of lantern views rather than a coherent picture of life. The arresting, many-toned, and luminous style has something of Mr. Barrie's humorous urbanity fired with the *sæva indignatio* of Swift (Jonathan, not Benjamin).

MAY SINCLAIR.

* "No. 5, John Street." By Richard Whiteing. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.*

No biography exists of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." Horace's short memoir of his brother is the nearest approach to anything of the kind. The material was in the hands of the family, who did not encourage those who might have undertaken the task. Now it is accessible, and now in revenge, natural but very inartistic, it seems to have been all used. The father of the two talented brothers, Robert Smith, was a man of bright intelligence, who travelled a good deal, made occasional verses, and kept a diary systematically. Two skilful paragraphs might have summed up all his sons owed to him, and consequently all concerning him of general interest. But his doings and his diary fill wearisome chapters. Even James and Horace are treated of too lengthily. They are fit subjects for a graceful monograph—nothing more. The personalities of both were attractive. Their handsome figures, their elegance, ready wit, and gregarious instincts, gave them great success in society, though they belonged only to the middle-class commercial world. Their literary talents, their love of the drama and of literature, their preference for wits and poets as their companions, distinguished them from the rest of their professional associates—James was a solicitor and Horace a stock-broker—and yet they combined an indulgence in these individual tastes with excellent habits of business. Hardly one student even in the byways of literature, remembers them save as the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," which rank them to this day among the two or three best parodists in the language. But here there is much talk of their articles and burlesques and novels, long buried and forgotten. Besides their joint work, only the vague fame of their literary and social success remains, and Mr. Beavan gives a brilliant list of names of notable persons among whom they moved familiarly, along with a few intimate glimpses—and in these consists the interest of the book—of their very near and most disinterested acquaintance with a few really great ones. The kindhearted Horace enticed poor Keats, already dying, to spend a day at his house among the orchards and gardens of Fulham. Keats was evidently not in a mood to enjoy the entertainment meant to cheer him. "These men," he wrote, "say things which make one start without making one feel; they all know fashionables; they have all a mannerism in their eating and drinking, in their mere handling of a decanter. They talked of Kean and his low company. 'Would I were with that low company instead of yours,' said I to myself." But Keats in other moods appreciated his genial hosts, and Shelley had no

* "James and Horace Smith." By Arthur Beavan. With five portraits. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

friend he thought more highly of than Horace Smith. "It's odd," Shelley once said of him, "that the only truly generous person I ever knew who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker." With Shelley, "my divine-minded friend—the friend of the universe," he was in frequent correspondence, was, in fact, his unpaid man of business, and he has left a record of the awe he felt during one of his last walks with the poet, and how he, the older man, was struck dumb with solemn reverence for the youth by his side. An ill-natured person once described James Smith as "of the Smiths, Smithish." One does not associate either brother with "the vision and the faculty divine," and some of their essays in the drama and fiction were mediocre enough. But the verve, the vitality, the elegance of their work at its best have a distinction not frequently found in the respectable tribe whose name they bore, nor in any other great English clan, for that matter. And their brilliance was not at the expense of the solider qualities. "That good, serene old man," said Thackeray of Horace when he died.

They are pleasant company to keep for an hour or two; and though on looking back on the book we find that the new matter is not half so interesting as the old glimpses of them to be found in letters and biographies of the time, yet we owe thanks to Mr. Beavan for ransacking the family annals and collecting the numerous outside references to the brothers. His material is well worth re-welding into a short essay.

MISS DOUGALL'S NEW NOVEL.*

Miss Dougall has been daring in her choice of a subject. Her aim is to show that the mysterious manifestations that have accompanied so many great religious movements are one with the phenomena of so-called spiritualism, hypnotism, and telepathy, and come under the same laws. The result is not only a most instructive chapter in the history of religious enthusiasm, but a powerful and fascinating psychological study. It is the old tragedy of the visionary in his eternal duel with the world and with the *ewig weibliche* that draws him heavenward or earthward according to his nature. We are concerned with Susannah, the high-spirited heroine whose pride and passionate love of justice drive her from the arms of her lover to espouse Halsey and the cause of the persecuted Mormons. From that moment of enthusiasm when she suffers baptism at the hands of the Prophet, to the terrible day of the massacre at Haun's Mill, when she buries her husband and her infant child breast to breast, she is in the Mormon Church but not of it. There was something dæmonic about Joseph Smith, and Susannah accepted Halsey as she accepted baptism through the mysterious agency of the Prophet's will. Only closer acquaintance with her husband's pure unselfish nature transforms the strange fascination into reverent affection.

The character of the Quaker convert is drawn with much sympathy; his sweet and simple soul is the type of faith in its first purity, of the goodness that is so curiously entwined with falsehood. There is a terrible and piercing pathos in the scene of Halsey's murder at Haun's Mill; when all that was spiritual in the Mormon Church died with him. It is the death of Uriah. Not that Smith desired that he should die, but his death sets Susannah, his Bathsheba, free; and the primitive brute forces dormant in Smith's nature reveal themselves Whether as prophet or as *l'homme sensuel moyen*, Smith is absolutely sincere; confusion and selfdeception come from this union in him of two incongruous types. He is conscious of the absurdity. "If an angel comes from heaven and gives me a partic'lar revelation, calling me by name, namely Joseph Smith, junior, Tain't for me to say he's made a mistake and come to the wrong man, though goodness knows I've said it to the Lord often enough." He is strangely lovable in his naïve humanity, frank and transparent as a child, whether in his lyrical moments, or in his quaint, half-humorous lapses into the shrewd and "kindly lout." When the idea of polygamy dawns on him he is innocently uncertain as to his revelation; again, in the time of the "great apostasy" that caused the breaking of the Kirtland Bank, he is overcome; he pours out his soul to Susannah, and it is the confession of a child:—

I guess I'm sorry enough, but I don't know whether it's repentance, for I thought I'd done all just what the Lord told me to do, but at times like these I'm not so sure of the revelations I hear in my soul, but I know I thought I was right at the time; but, as for being sorry, if ye had the burden of all these children of Israel in the desert on your heart, knowing that you had brought them into the desert . . . . and weren't quite sure at times whether the thing that ye saw leading was the Lord's pillar of cloud or the devil's . . . I guess ye'd know what it felt like to feel sorry.

It is always as if the heavenly visions were obscured by some dark revelation of the primal self that leaps to light at last in his wild prayer: "Give me—this woman—give—give. This woman—this woman—give! give! give!"

Perhaps the most powerful scene in the book is that in which he urges upon Susannah the necessity of becoming his "spiritual" or supplementary bride. His arguments for the plurality of wives are as plausible as Plato's. He lays his finger on the social evil. For luxury born of success has completed the degeneration begun by persecution and the sword, and Nauvoo, the white City of the Saints, has become the city of sin; and it is his punishment to know that for all the purity of his ideals it was his own breast that first harboured the sin. In an earlier chapter Miss Dougall has made him sum up the case for himself with characteristic naïveté. "It ain't easy, Mrs. Halsey—I hope in judgin' of me you'll always remember that it ain't easy to be a prophet." Her own verdict is that "the true secret of human leadership is, perhaps, known only to the Divine mind, perhaps also to the Satanic. It would certainly seem that the men who chance upon the power and wield it have often little understanding of the law by which they work, and their critics less."

Altogether this remarkable book will add much to Miss Dougall's already high reputation. The style has none of the tedious brilliance so suggestive of the midnight elbow-grease, but its literary distinction is sustained from the first page to the last.

MAY SINCLAIR.

* "The Mormon Prophet." By Lily Dougall. 6s. (A. and C. Black.)

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S NEW BOOK.*

It is impossible to feel but kindly towards Mr. Gallienne's latest book. It is simple and sincere and affectionate and artless. Very artless, indeed—art has nothing to do with it. It reads exactly like a fragment of somebody's autobiography, written in the third person; as if old tender memories had worked strongly in the making of it, and imagination had transmuted nothing. That is not the method in which a great novel is written, and Mr. Gallienne's is a slight one. But in "Young Lives" phases in the life of a middle-class Nonconformist aspiring family are depicted with real knowledge and sympathy. The cultivation of art and letters under austere circumstances in a provincial town by ardent young souls; the struggle of the young against the old; the strength of first love that does not know self-interest, are attractive subjects, and they are treated by one who thinks the more sophisticated joys and sorrows of later life do not nearly equal them. It is this conviction that gives to the book such distinction as it possesses. There is nothing very striking about the tale of the young poet's early career, his scribbling in a garret, his excursion to London, his meeting with the Bodley Head young men. The sentiment is everything. Due acknowledgment should be made of the almost uniformly good taste throughout the story, which thereby takes a much higher rank than the writer's "Golden Girl" and the rest of his fiction. His insistence on the mawkish relations between a brother and sister, is almost his only offence.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S NEW NOVEL.†

We welcome Mr. Rider Haggard's return from the arid plains of pamphlets and propagandas to the bright fields of romantic adventure. Readers of "Dr. Therne" who have lost their faith in the guarantee of lively reading, which the author of "She" had offered for so many years, may open "Swallow" without misgiving. There is not a spoor—we trust this is a suitable expression to use in connection with a "tale of the great trek"—of an anti-vaccinationist throughout the story. "Swallow" is indeed the best romance Mr. Rider Haggard has written for years. If he had changed the manner of telling, it would have compared favourably in sensational excitement with "King Solomon's Mines." Vrouw Botmar is an interesting study of the type made so familiar to us in the character of a certain President, but she was never intended as a narrator

* "Young Lives." By Richard Le Gallienne. (Arrowsmith.)

† "Swallow." By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)

of romance, and her tedious digressions are unrelieved by a glimpse of saving humour. And although Mr. Rider Haggard is at great pains to explain how she became acquainted with all the history she narrates—in this he is not too convincing—he fails to explain how it is that she learned to imitate in such a remarkably successful manner the language of noisy melodrama. This is the one weakness of a really strong tale. Needless to say, there is fighting galore. We have not had time to count the corpses, but we fancy that in "Swallow" the slaughter is even greater than usual. Every chapter has its stirring episodes, and towards the close there is one scene of really remarkable power. "Swallow," moreover, affords a sympathetic and enlightening picture of a people little understood and less loved in this country. The description of the horror of the Great Trek is altogether a fine piece of writing—though, we repeat, it would never have been dictated by Vrouw Botmar to her granddaughter.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF DANTE'S PURGATORY.*

The title of this work seems to be inverted, for while Professor Earle's introduction occupies 138 pages, 100 suffice for Mr. Shadwell's translation, errata and all. The Cantos xxviii.-xxxiii. of the Purgatory allow, as every reader of Dante knows, of as much explanation—or one should say, of as many explanations—as all the rest of that division of the poem taken together; and it is perhaps no wonder that Mr. Earle once launched upon them should have expatiated at some length. This was all the more to be expected that his interpretation of some of the crucial points in the symbolism of these Cantos has never been given before, and will, we venture to think, never be adopted again. Thus, the mystical Griffon who draws the car in the wondrous pageant seen by Dante, and who has been almost, if not quite universally—so overwhelming are the Scriptural and theological allusions suggested by the description of him—understood to symbolise the Saviour of mankind, is interpreted as denoting "the general body of the Faithful, the simple folk, the unlettered laity." When Beatrice, in Canto xxxi., gazes on the "two-formed [Professor Earle would, we suppose, say 'twice-formed'] animal." she is Heavenly Wisdom, or Theology, or the Church—Mr. Earle is not quite clear which—"contemplating the condition of the common laity, and considering their potential capacities, and how such capacities might be developed." It is hardly necessary to pursue the subject further, or one might show that this interpretation makes nonsense of at least half the remaining symbolism of these Cantos.

Mr. Shadwell's translation is the completion of a work begun six or seven years ago. At the time he found few people to agree with him in regarding the metre of Marvell's "Horatian Ode" as a suitable vehicle for the Englishing of Dante; and he will probably not find that their number has increased. On the other hand, granted the fetter he has imposed upon himself, he has on the whole rendered his original with amazing faithfulness. Let us take for example—and for the sake of its own beauty—the poet's first impression (as we should now say) of the blessed region in which he found himself after the toils of the mountain:

> A gentle breeze, that ever seemed
> Steady and still, about me streamed,
> And on my forehead broke,
> As wind of softest stroke
> Whereat the trembling branches leant,
> And all obediently were bent,
> Whither its morning shade
> The holy mountain made.
> Yet ne'er so far away they fell,
> But on their tops the birds could well
> Their wonted act pursue,
> And keep their office due.
> Yea, but with full delight their song
> Welcomed the morning gale among
> The leaves, whose rustling chime
> Kept burden to their rime;
> Such burden gathers, bough on bough,
> When winds through Chiassi's pinewood blow,
> What time Sirocco first
> From Eolus hath burst.

As a "crib," it will be seen, this is nearly perfect—indeed, once or twice it is hardly to be understood without the original—and the lines are pretty; but where is Dante?

We do not know why Mr. Shadwell thinks it necessary to write "Beatris"; still less why Professor Earle thinks it desirable to quote the Psalms in the hideous spelling of 1539, "ād"s, "yt"s, and all the rest of it.

* "The Purgatory of Dante Alighieri." Part II. The Earthly Paradise. An Experiment in Literal Verse Translation. By Charles Lancelot Shadwell, D.C.L. With an Introduction by John Earle, D.C.L. 5s. (Macmillan)

EARLY ITALIAN LOVE STORIES.*

This is a handsome quarto, printed in large type on very thick paper. Mr. Ford's drawings are exactly suited to their purpose. His composition is particularly rich and full without crowding, as in the Frontispiece and the Salvestra. His treatment of the nude, as in his Death-Dream, is less successful than his sumptuously costumed figures. The pictures are frankly decorative and in the Latter-day-Pre-Raphaelite manner, though not scrupulously orthodox; for I observe that his ladies have never more than one waist, while Burne-Jones' model woman had usually three; and if Rossetti's was content with only two, she had always an additional stomach (or pelican pouch) in her throat. Nor are Mr. Ford's faces always lovely, especially his Lady of Belmonte, who looks every inch the vain, cantankerous paragon whom Shakespeare has unconsciously satirized—Portia and Mrs. Nickleby are the two most terrible and truculent, though unconscious, crucifixions which the Virtuous Female has ever suffered. However, pretty faces are not so valuable as general effect. And Mr. Ford does on the whole give a general impression of what we (if not the Italian novelists) conceive the world of Romance to have been—a world of comely lovers who wore their best clothes all the week; gallant travellers whose silk hose and ostrich plumes seem (like the Israelites' garments) never a bit the worse for rain or mud; fair dames who elope down ladders in full court costume, with train, tiara, and feathers, and wearing all their jewellery on their persons instead of carrying it in a neat bag; venerable buildings, gorgeous furniture, Elysian gardens with wondrous rose-trees thickly studded with immense fat blooms—all this is exactly as it should be. The artist is not bound to remember that in those golden days the roses were really all single, the palaces brand new; that sleep was banished from the stately beds not so much by Love's despair as by insect pests; that lovers were sometimes plain and always imperfectly washed; that the fine clothes were as faded, as dingy, as frowsy, and much dirtier than those of a circus procession at the end of the travelling season. Mr. Ford is more conventionally romantic than the romances themselves, and therefore his illustrations heighten instead of impair the illusion of the text.

The twelve novels are on the whole well selected, and the translator's Introduction is marked by much good sense. In it she disapproves of the archaic Elizabethan style of her predecessors, but hardly follows out her own principles. Her translations, or rather versions, are fairly done, and the omissions and alterations seem, where I have examined them, judicious; but archaisms and affectations of simplicity do certainly exist. The paragraphing of short, trivial clauses is just now a fashionable trick, and is here rampant. Many phrases, too, are affected. "Father mine!" "Brothers mine!" for instance, is bad English without the faintest reminiscence of Italian to excuse it. But after all, be it said, no one knows how hopeless it is to translate the early *novelle* to one's own satisfaction till he tries.

Y. Y.

SIR W. W. HUNTER'S HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA.†

The two men who were competent to write a History of British India worthy of the subject were the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone and Sir Henry Maine. Both were statesmen of unique powers, accustomed to weigh evidence and possessing literary gifts. The former published in 1841 his "History of India," which must ever hold the first place for the period previous to British rule; it closes with the decisive battle of Paniput in 1765. But his plan included a continuation down to his own times, of which the man who twice refused the office of Governor-General formed a great part. His relative, Sir

* "Early Italian Love Stories." Taken from the Italian by Una Taylor. Illustrated by Henry J. Ford. 15s. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

† "A History of British India." By Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D., a Vice-President of the Royal Asiatic Society. Vol. I. 18s. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

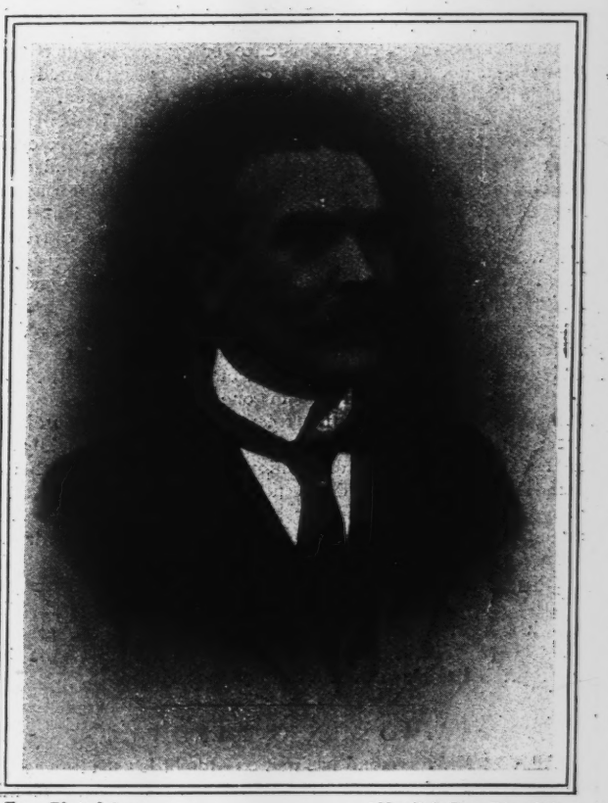
Edward Colebrooke, Bart., actually edited, in 1887, a portion of that continuation, on "The Rise of British Power in the East," to the close of the final struggle with the French in the Dekkan, in 1762. Of a later generation Sir Henry Maine, if he had less personal knowledge than the great Governor of Bombay, was master of the new historical methods and materials which he did most to establish. His writings show that he would have been quite as great a historian as he had proved to be a jurist, had he lived to undertake the work. Sir Alfred Lyall, indeed, might have taken up the task which death prevented these greatest authorities from completing, but he has contented himself with slighter and occasional researches, however valuable. We have reached the closing year of the three centuries of the history of British India, from Queen Elizabeth to the Queen-Empress Victoria, and Sir William W. Hunter has not allowed the period to end without a pledge that he will occupy the vacant field. The pledge given in this first of five volumes is full of promise that, at last, the British Empire and the English language are to have a History adequate to the splendid theme.

Other English historians of British India have either dealt with small portions of its annals, like Orme and Captain Grant-Duff, Bruce in his "East India Company," and David Macpherson in his four invaluable quartos on its Commerce, dedicated in 1805 to Charles Grant. Or they have been rapidly brilliant essayists like young Macaulay, when he vegetated in Calcutta and the Nilgiri Hills, whence he sent his sketches of Clive and Warren Hastings to Francis Jeffrey. Or they have been official pamphleteers on a great scale like James Mill and Edward Thornton. Or, finally, to name the best, they have been too condensed, like John Marshman, writing rather for practical educational purposes than for the literature of all time. Sir William Hunter, himself, has hitherto been one of this useful and profitable class, and his "Brief History of the Indian Peoples," at 3s. 6d., has had a sale of eighty-four thousand copies. In truth, till now, there have been only two respectable works of reference to which the student of British Indian History could turn—John Marshman's, admirable, so far as it goes, and James Mill's.

Our first reason for gratitude to Sir William Hunter is that he has now given us a prospect—near at hand, we trust—of being for ever delivered from the ten volumes of "The History of British India, by James Mill, Esq., fifth edition, with notes and continuation by Horace Hayman Wilson. 1858." A Radical and Freethinker of the school of Bentham, James Mill was undoubtedly a laborious clerk of the old India House in Leadenhall Street, but he was the dullest of doctrinaires. His conceit did not redeem his dulness, as is sometimes the case, except perhaps in the preface to his History, where he sublimely argues his fitness for the task because he has never been in India, nor known its peoples,—because, in fact, of his ignorance. His editor, in the continuation of the book, which has resulted in a work of the type of Alison's "History of Europe," was a physician and a good Sanskrit scholar, and of the opposite school of politics from James Mill, whom he begins by demolishing in his preface. But Horace Hayman Wilson had none of the historian's gifts, philosophical research, judicial impartiality, or literary style. The combined History of two such men, coming down to the close of Lord William Bentinck's administration in 1835, has long ceased to be of any account, save for its frequent quotation of misleading dispatches drafted by James Mill himself just after the time of the permanent settlement of Bengal.

Sir William Hunter has, in truth, been educated throughout his whole Indian career for the great task which he has now undertaken. That career the young graduate of Glasgow University fortunately began in the district of Beerbhoom, on the ethnical frontier of Lower Bengal, some forty years ago. There, fifty miles west from the field of Plassy, the Scots administrator found himself among official records, and had at his disposal native family archives, which at once started him on his historical quest. In 1868 his "Annals of Rural Bengal" took even purely English critics by storm. Its brilliant literary style, its new historical spirit, and its fresh revelation of the life of the aboriginal and Hindu peoples in relation to British administration, gave promise of even more than he has since achieved. His biographical volumes may occasionally have seemed as if they were written to order, but "The Old Missionary" and "The Thackerays in India" have proved that he can rise to higher than official levels, by a chastened imagination and a sympathetic appreciation of the very noblest results of British influence—the Christianising of the peoples. His statistical survey of our Eastern Empire, carried out at an extraordinary cost to the public purse, finds its literary fruit in the third edition of "The Indian Empire: Its History, People, and Products," a colossal but well-proportioned summary of which no other Empire or Dependency, ancient or modern, can boast.

To that book the five volumes of this History of British India promise to be the necessary and sufficient complement. The present volume is preliminary. Beginning with a description of the three land routes by which the enriching trade of India found its way to the Mediterranean, from Solomon and the Hebrew Prophets till it was killed by the Turks at the beginning of the sixteenth century, the historian fairly launches his readers, in the second chapter, on the quest for India by sea. When that had occupied the fifteenth century, from the days of the Portuguese Prince Henry, the Navigator, son of the Englishwoman, Philippa, and grandson of John of Gaunt, the struggle between Christendom and Islam for the Indian seas, especially as conducted by Portugal, exhausted the sixteenth. Sir William Hunter, with a historical impartiality towards all



From Photo by [*Maull & Fox, Piccadilly.*

SIR W. W. HUNTER.

foreigners which marks his volume, does justice to Portugal's heroism, while not sparing severe criticism of her unprincipled treatment of the natives, and her decadence due largely to her sixty years of subjugation to Spain. The fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters record, with a certain dignity of style, England's attempts to reach India, the constitution of the first English East India Company, the "Separate Voyages" of the Company, and its final struggle with the Portuguese up to 1622, both in India and the Persian Gulf. The rest of the volume of 475 pages, of which forty are wisely given to the index, deals in two chapters with the next struggle with the Dutch for the Eastern Archipelago. The story ends with a judicial narrative of the Tragedy of Amboyna, and with the fruitless, because half-hearted efforts of the Stuarts to obtain satisfaction from the Hollanders, until the firmness of Cromwell exacted long-delayed compensation from the States-General.

There are passages in this book which rise to the highest level of historical narrative and ethical criticism. Such are the accounts of the great sea-fights off the Bombay coast, in which first Best and then Downton wrested the rule of the East from the then unworthy Portuguese. Such, above all, is the treatment of the Amboyna outrage, and the justice done, in spite of

that, to the able men like Coen, whom Holland was the first to send to the East. Sir William Hunter abundantly proves the thesis with which he sets out, that, from the human side, our Eastern Empire is not a mere marvel of destiny, nor is it due to the inrush of our power into an Asiatic void, but it is an achievement springing from an indomitable endurance during a century and a half of frustration and defeat.

George Smith.

THE PRINCESS DES URSINS.*

In most books of English history we may read the accounts of the Wars of the Spanish Succession and find scarcely a reference to the Camarera-Mayor of Spain, the brilliant Princess of the Italian House of Orsini. Yet she, and she only, through all these stormy years, except for the short time of her exile under the displeasure of Louis XIV, was the virtual ruler of the Spanish dominions. Philip V., weak and incapable, yielded to her influence in everything; and she, a Princess of an Italian House, and a Frenchwoman by birth, became. for the sake of the boy-king and his child-bride, a Spaniard in interests and in loyalty. Nothing could be more charming or more interesting than the way in which Miss Constance Hill has told the story of her fascinating heroine. She has gathered from all sources, chiefly French, every item of correspondence or of reminiscence that throws light upon the career of one of the most talented and most brilliant ladies of that age of charming women. The Princess des Ursins (as her name was rendered in French) was, according to the recollections of St. Simon, tall, blue-eyed, graceful, and noble-looking, with a face not strictly handsome, but charming. Her voice and intonation were extremely agreeable. Her manners were flattering and engaging, and their charm, when she chose to exert it, irresistible. Her conversation was brilliant. A natural gaiety of disposition was combined with ready tact and sound judgment. Madame de Maintenon, her friend and correspondent, applies to her the phrase "railleuse d'une raillerie qui enferme une louange," in which may surely be found at least one secret of her charm. Of Madame de Maintenon herself and of her life at Court the book gives many glimpses. It is in one of her letters to the Princess that we find the reference to the extraordinary precision of Louis XIV. in some of his habits. So rigidly did he insist on the exact disposition of furniture that, though suffering from cold, she dared not accept from her friend the gift of a folding screen for her own apartments. As she quaintly observes in declining the gift, "Il faut périr en symétrie."

Alike in its personal and historical aspect the book is delightful. We have seldom been more interested and pleased. Miss Hill has spent so much time in the society of the graceful and brilliant ladies of her favourite period that she has appropriated to herself not a little of their charm.

TWO MEN O' MENDIP.†

All that Mr. Raymond has written—too little as yet—has had the stamp of the artist on it. His tales of country life breathe country air from over heaths and gardens, an air the townsman cannot infuse into his, love he the open-air world never so well. He writes of farm and orchard as the farmer and the labourer might, if they could. But the special rustic knowledge and the fresh scent of the country which he brings to us in his stories would not alone compel the admiration we give to "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter" and his latest book. It is his fine and delicate restraint, his suggestive style, where there is never a word too much, that mark him as a craftsman of no common order. Till now he has generally given us pleasant idylls. This time it is a tragedy of rural life, and in its development there is something really great. The cloud, first a small one on the horizon, nears and darkens, till in the end it overwhelms the actors in a thick murk. There are continual struggles to get to the light, but fate once set working, you have to own that the final overwhelming blackness was inevitable. A little fear in a strong man's heart makes him hide a secret known only to himself. The mere hiding worked like poison in his candid heart; and then it led, beyond the reckoning of man, to what touched him and tore him in his inmost, his tenderest parts. It wrecked him and all his house. But even in that terrible scene, where he goes to seek his missing child, and finds her dead and clasping the body of the man he has killed in his wrath, the narrative has a certain quiet simplicity that stifles horror, changing it all to pity for the sorrow of the thing.

The story is by no means one of unrelieved gloom. There are the shrewdest studies of rustic character, which is not idealised in Mr. Raymond's pages. Solomon Moggridge, the constable, who holds that the neighbourhood "is a ticklish place to live in if you be a bit misliked. 'Tis better to let a thing pass. I should myzelf, I know," affords fine humorous relief without the help of a caricature. And the gentle Patty, with the deep capacity for passionate love hidden in her dainty springlike little person, delights us many a time with her prettiness and her charm before she claims our grief for her tragic end.

* "Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain." By Constance Hill. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

† "Two Men o' Mendip." By Walter Raymond. 6s. (Longmans.)

NOVEL NOTES.

ONE OF THE GRENVILLES. By S. R. Lysaght. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Some years ago Mr. Lysaght wrote a very entertaining story, "The Marplot." Its successor is of solider build, but it has its light and pleasant passages, and is so high above the average of novels that its readers will want to urge on the writer a more frequent exercise of his powers. As in the earlier book so in this, his genial introductions put one quickly at ease with his characters. We feel neighbourly to them, on intimate enough terms even to quarrel with them when they behave otherwise than we would have them do. Let us confess at certain stages of the story we have been in a condition of towering indignation; this means genuine interest, so Mr. Lysaght will have to forgive it. For instance, his hero, Martin Grenville, is a splendid young fellow, loyal and plucky and generous. From the first he wins our affection, and the closest attention for his career, whether as the champion of his mother who had borne him out of wedlock, or as the Khalifa's prisoner in Omdurman, or as the struggling writer in London. But Mr. Lysaght permits him to do a dastardly thing—to tempt a man to give up what Martin most desires upon the earth, the claim on a woman, by pandering to the man's weaknesses and his immediate great necessities. He does not justify his hero in this; there is no acceptance of the cant that all is fair in love. But first to win our regard for a man on the ground that he is chivalrous, and then allow him wantonly to sin the unforgivable sin, which is meanness, is monstrous for a romanticist. A tragedian, working in the maladies of the soul, alone may attempt it. It is to sin with Meredith in his Diana—sin outrageously. There, we have not spared the blot on the book. Beyond that, save for our sorrow at the thought of the fascinating Nancy being turned into a country parsoness, there is nothing but pleasure to be had out of it. It is manly, robust, patriotic with the fashionable patriotism of the day; there is a broad intellectual basis to it; it contains some wholesome satire, and proves a varied knowledge of human nature. The whiffs from the sea and the breaths from pleasant English country are cheering and healthful. One thing we wonder about a little. Mr. Lysaght seems inclined to take the side of the average dutiful citizen in his attitude towards Roger the vagabond. But in his heart, does he not love him better than Martin, the active young Imperialist? At least, he has demoralised some readers away from all sense of civic duty, by the odour of Roger's camp fires.

RACHEL. By Jane H. Findlater. 6s (Methuen.)

We open Miss Findlater's books with the assurance that in them we shall find strong stuff, craftily welded, and used with a fine economy. She has a clear brain as well as a powerful imagination, and so keen and ready a sense of humour that when, as if unwillingly, she allows her emotion to well up, we are invariably touched to the quick. Her new book has answered every expectation, and we have found in it a deeper humanity than in the former ones. It is a tragedy briefly told by a genuine artist. All the best biography is in the form of fiction; and the essential tale of Edward Irving's career, with just the necessary comment on the pity of it, is all contained in this story of Michael Fletcher. Of course, there is no slavish following of real incidents or imitation of actual circumstances; we have said Miss Findlater is an artist. But the blending of genius and of charlatanry and the force of Fate in a gentle and most loveable nature, are here better suggested by her than by anyone who has written his literal history. And

she who might have been the guardian of his sanity, had Destiny willed, Jane Welsh, who unfortunately for the prophet and herself became Jane Carlyle, is here, too. In Rachel she is softened a little, made more caressing and cajoling perhaps, but the keenness of her wit, her impatience of humbug and dulness, her bright, clear, vital nature, are all admirably reflected. Let no one think for a moment that Miss Findlater has merely retold a tale out of real life. She has used just what circumstance seemed good to her—and it seems very good to us—in the revivication of two strong characters, who for their souls' health had better have "never met, or never parted." Dry, brief, unemotional is her style, for the most part. But she has the sense of tragedy, and she has the reticence and the utterance that tragedy requires.

THE NAMELESS CASTLE. By Maurus Jokai. Translated by S. E. Boggs. 6s. (Jarrold and Sons.)

There is a logic of dates, and there is a logic of probabilities, but the novelist knows that these are the things that do not matter; he may do what he will with his own. And we are willing to believe that "Madame Royale," the fifteen-year-old daughter of Louis XVI., exchanged rôles with the infant child of a scullion, that the lady known to history as the Duchesse d'Angoulême was no other than proletarian Sophie Botta, while all the time the real princess was hidden away by her Royalist friends in a region in Hungary where there was "order but no police," there to await the Great Return. These are the airy foundations on which Maurus Jokai has built his Nameless Castle, an enthralling romance of adventure and intrigue. The dominant heroine, Countess Themire Dealba, a spy in the pay of Napoleon (it is the days when the First Empire was young), is almost as clever, as unscrupulous, and as fascinating as Dumas's famous creation. Not that Miladi ever developed a heart and a conscience, which is what Themire does in her disguise as Katharina von Landsknechtsschild. We are not told how she tracks the fugitives whom she is charged to hunt down, but we find her settled as a great German lady in an estate overlooking the Nameless Castle, the prison where the Royalist Cambray, *alias* Count Ludwig de Vavel, has voluntarily buried himself with his mysterious charge. The child Princess has no companion but her chivalrous young guardian; they are as dependent on each other as if they had been cast on a desert island. He is forewarned against the certainty that his ward will love him as she grows into maidenhood (in 1806 that princess would be eight and twenty if she was a day!), but not forearmed. Against the no less inevitable result that he will love her he is armed at all points. He loves her "as the Fakir his Brahma, the Carthusian his Virgin Mary," but not as she would be loved. She bears the curse of her greatness; the divinity that hedges her guards her only too well against the love that would have been her life. The story of their extraordinary relations is told with infinite delicacy and charm; it stands out a clear and lovely idyll against the tangled background of plot and counter-plot. From her post of vantage, Miladi Katharina Themire sets herself to seduce the loyalty of de Vavel. She knows it is no use to captivate his senses if she cannot fascinate his soul; therefore she poses as an Angel of Light, and the country rings with her good deeds. The threads of intrigue and of feminine psychology are here interwoven with marvellous skill. The fusion is complete in that powerful transformation scene where Themire, caught in her own snare, yields to the supreme seduction of goodness, and becomes the woman she has feigned to be. In spite of its singular charm the story lacks a certain robustness essential to the novel of intrigue. It is romance written in a minor key, the romance of lost causes and shadowy dynasties, of things crumbling and perishing like the garments of the little princess. The translator has done his work so well and with such evident sympathy with his original that we are inclined to forget that it is a translation at all.

BETTY MUSGRAVE. By Mary Findlater. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Betty Musgrave" is a more ambitious and a stronger piece of work than Miss Mary Findlater's first novel, "Over the Hills." It is a careful and convincing study of a difficult problem, depressing at times, but lightened by many bright touches. Mrs. Musgrave is a dipsomaniac. Betty Musgrave is her daughter, an unselfish, heroic figure. It is not difficult to fill in the tragedy. Miss Findlater has succeeded in making Mrs. Musgrave a really sympathetic character—a hard task. Her picture of the woman—cringing, cunning, debased, yet never wholly vile – is relentless but not harsh, and the history of her final tragedy inevitable but not cruel. Betty Musgrave herself hardly holds our affection. She is a trifle too immaculate, too automatically good, and she commits an unpardonable sin in marrying Oliver Lacy. We admit she acted just as we expected. She was not deep-souled enough to understand the love that a great man offered her. It is in the minor characters that Miss Findlater displays her talent to best advantage. Charlotte Wentworth is a charming personage, Mr. Smythe is villainy typified, Mr. Drake strength itself, but by far the most successful figure in the book is Mrs. Trevose, the most outrageously vulgar and yet the most delightfully humorous landlady we have met in the pages of fiction for a long time. It is remarkable that of a book the plot of which is

From Photo. by] MISS MARY FINDLATER. [*Bassano.*

sadness itself, one should remember longest the frankly amusing interludes. Miss Findlater has real humorous gifts well worth cultivating.

UNTIL THE DAWN. By S. E. Walford. 3s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall)

On first reading "Until the Dawn" we could only suppose that the author of "Mr. Smith" and "Baby's Grandmother" was playing a heartless practical joke on the British public. A deeper study of the text compelled us to abandon this hypothesis. In her new story Mrs. Walford tells us how Judith, the beautiful and high-souled wife of Adrian Marsh, inspired by the highest conjugal ideal, was moved to put an end to a female Holofernes with low ideals, golden hair, and morals of Corinthian brass; how the son of Holofernes by a former husband constituted himself the avenger of blood, and with the help of a few stage properties, a miniature, a cloak, and a dying butler, succeeded in identifying his mother's murderer with his future mother-in-law, and how his passion for Mildred led him to condone her parent's amiable peccadillo. So lofty is the heroine's virtue, so pure her "devotion to a genial husband," that when taxed with the deed she owns the soft impeachment. "I killed her as I would have killed any noxious creature whose venom was a danger to the life of my beloved." (Moral: Killing is no murder, provided the experiment be made *in corpore vili*.) Relaxation from the strain of melodrama is afforded by the cynical Mrs. Boscawen and the flirtation wherewith she enlivens the tedium of domestic bliss. This lady is as sententious as Diana of the Crossways; the habit

grows on her and infects the others, till long before the end of the book everybody in it is talking in axioms and epigrams. "Until the Dawn" does Mrs. Walford something less than justice, but it may be recommended to those readers who love to follow the mazes of an ingenious plot, and find their way beguiled by clever and amusing dialogue.

MISS NANSE. By Sarah Tytler. 3s. 6d. (John Long.)

About "Miss Nanse" there hangs a faint whiff as of a Scotch "Cranford" rapidly overpowered by the reek of villany, old title-deeds, nabobs, and other Indian accessories. Among these is Caterina, the black-skinned wife of the black-hearted Cathcart Ruthven. The story of her ill-treatment and death is told with some pathos. Moreover, there are complications and a double love story (for Miss Nanse like her prototype Miss Mattie has a love story); in fact, there are rather too many interests for so small a canvas. But as the villain is routed and the hero comes to his own, the tale satisfies our natural healthy appetite for poetic justice.

FATHER ANTHONY. By Robert Buchanan. 6s. (Long.)

There is very delicate work displayed in the handling of the chief character in Mr. Buchanan's new story. Father Anthony, as a friend said of him, was of the stuff that saints and angels are made of; and it cannot have been easy to make him seem, as he does, also a man of flesh and blood. Mr. Buchanan has made him, if not in the likeness of sinful man, at least after the model of a pure and high-hearted boy. The ordeal he is subjected to is more than ordinary humanity could bear. His much-loved brother is charged with murder. Anthony knows he is innocent, knows the guilty man; but the seal of the confession stands between him and the proclamation of that knowledge, which alone would bring his brother's release. He is not quite brought to the ultimate test, but very nearly; and we are made to feel he would not have flinched. This story of rural Irish life has much of interest in it. Its scenes of pathos, of violence, and of humour betoken an understanding of the people. But the boyish, saint like, and tormented figure of Father Anthony rises up in the memory after the book is closed, and blurs the rest.

MEROVECH. By Cecil Hartley. 2s. 6d. (Sands.)

"Merovech" is a readable story, not without a mildly educational flavour, which belongs to the class of book relegated to that somewhat strange animal, the reviewer's schoolboy. The action moves rapidly, and one incident follows another with bewildering suddenness. The only character who interests us much is Guntramn. His escape with Merovech, and his wavering between loyalty and treachery, are well portrayed. We should think that the book has the making of an effective play. There are several dramatic scenes in the story, and the last scene of all would be most striking on the stage.

THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN WAVE. By W. N. Oscar. 6s. (Innes.)

This is the orthodox story of mutiny and buried treasure, told pleasantly and with slight variation. There is no lack of excitement, and our interest is in no way diminished by our confidence in the ultimate defeat of the mutineers. The capture of the ringleader Struelli is novel and ingenious, and we will not spoil the reader's interest by telling how it is done. This same Struelli is disappointing. We had hope of having discovered a really notable villain, a villain to be added to that glorious band headed by John Silver. Unhappily he turns out to be a somewhat commonplace conspirator after all. John Fearl, the ever resourceful and sardonic mate, is excellently drawn. The book has an agreeable Stevensonian flavour, and ends with the conventional matrimony on an unusually large scale. Those who like this style of thing should on no account miss "The Cruise of the Golden Wave."

SHANGHAIED. By Frank Norris. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

"Shanghaied" is a stirring tale well told. The interest is sustained throughout from the first chapter to the last, and the tragedy at the end is as dramatically effective as it is unexpected. The heroine, a modern Amazon, without sex and without fear, is a highly original conception. Mr. Norris has not made her quite real to us, but has gone far towards it. We are sorry that Captain Kitchell has to be killed so early in the story. There is a gruesome fascination about this truculent ruffian, who robs a dead man of his false-teeth, and then, having qualms of conscience, cannot bury the body till he has replaced them upside down. The book is full of exciting incidents, the fight with the Chinese "beach-combers" being particularly good. "Shanghaied" is certainly a story to be read. We shall await Mr. Norris' next work with much interest.

THE SWORD OF FATE. By Henry Herman. 3s. 6d. (Greening.)

Mr. Herman has taken some of the usual ingredients of the sensational novel, and, in spite of considerable practice, produced a crude and "stagey" book. We are introduced to an unscrupulous mining agent, who does not interest us in the least, two of the shadiest of shady solicitors, and one criminal lunatic with a mania for speculation, who is the only character with any individuality. The atmosphere of the book reeks of copper mines, outside brokers, and bucket shops. The ingenious plot is drawn on hackneyed lines, and the only unconventional feature are the scenes at Broadmoor Asylum. We would warn the reader against attaching any significance to the luridly allegorical cover.

THE PRESIDENT OF BORAVIA. By George Lambert. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)

After two or three introductory chapters we find ourselves in a whirl of South American politics, revolutions, buried treasures, and amorous hydraulic engineers. The result is as exciting a book as anyone could wish to read. The flight of the President to the treasure chamber would thrill the most jaded novel reader. Mr. Lambert is nothing if not original. Not only does he make the course of true love run absolutely smooth, but he also conceived the magnificently audacious idea of making the President of the Boravian Republic the chief royalist plotter. Those who are fond of breathless tales of adventure ought on no account to miss this book.

THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN. By E. W. Hornung. 6s. (Methuen.)

The last story in this volume, "The Gift of the Emperor," is by no means the best, but it redeems the book from the reproach of its being the greatest incentive ever penned to spirited youth to make a brilliant living by the burglar's art. The two gentlemanly thieves have to give in at last to the superior intelligence of Mackenzie, the detective. But up to that point their careers were made just a little too fascinating for safety. One of the cracksmen—rather a poor thing—occasionally earned a little money by literature, not enough to keep him honest. There is something charming in the literary scruples of this not very scrupulous burglar. "I suffered from a persistent ineffectual feeling after style. Verse I could manage; but it did not pay. To personal paragraphs and the baser journalism I could not and I would not stoop." The other is a far greater man. He brought real genius to the pursuit of the calling of his leisure. His ostensible interest in life was cricket—he played for the "Gentlemen"—and it is interesting to learn that he thought one game a very pretty way of keeping your hand in for the other. As for the stories, we shall not retell any of them. They should be read, but only by strong-minded persons, warranted not merely safe from a hankering after their neighbours' spoons, but from hankering after the risky and successful capture of these spoons.

THE KINGDOM OF HATE. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This story is an interesting experiment on the part of Mr. Gallon. We don't ask him to repeat it, but at the beginning of his career it is well he should try his strength in various directions. The author of "Tatterley" has done infinitely better and solider work; but his is a very romantic soul, and in this novel of adventure the romance and the emotion, at least, are real, if the incidents be artificially constructed. So far as the feeling of the story is concerned, he carries us always along with him, save where he takes for granted that the lady, who was secretly, and by force, married to an unknown man, whom she had seen for a moment, should acknowledge any duty to him. She might refrain from taking another husband for legal reasons, but Mr. Gallon's hero expects genuine loyalty from her—which is more absurd and unjust than it is romantic. The story, if we are in a make-believe mood, is a stirring one. A princess, a wicked count who wants to dethrone her, a band of revolutionists equally hostile to both, and a hero claimed and repudiated by each party in turn, keep things lively. Not a page but has its exciting incident; yet Mr. Gallon's invention in this kind of fiction is of the most elementary order. There never was such a book for coincidences of the handiest kind.

There is always a trap-door or a tunnel when they are wanted. Persons, whom the width of the world and the most various fortune seem effectually to sever, are constantly meeting in the nick of time. With the slightest exaggeration it might do for a caricature of the adventure story. But doubtless it has been pleasant recreation for Mr. Gallon in the intervals of more serious work, and it will pass away an idle or sentimental or uncritical hour quite agreeably.

RED ROCK. By Thomas Nelson Page. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Of the two spokesmen for the Southern cause in imaginative literature, Mr. Cable and Mr. Page, the latter is the more whole-hearted. Not that there is more of the South in him than in Mr. Cable, about whom, it seems to us, there hangs still closer the placid, sunny, delightful atmosphere. But Mr. Cable is something of a philosopher; he is a moralist, too, and with the North he has more than one spiritual link. When philosophy and morality have attested themselves, and when they have gained the day, too, Mr. Page comes and says, See what your fine moral triumph did for us. Look how the best of us were laid low, while rascals enjoyed the spoiling of us. And it is a hideous picture he draws of the hardships and the evils that followed the war, and of how the very virtues and graces of the old plantation owners made them the easier victims of jobbers and land-sharks. That he is recalling a true state of things we never hesitate to believe. Every national upheaval, for good or bad, is an opportunity for evil persons; and the villains he presents to us are very real. But that is not all in the story of "Red Rock." The rest is a delightful picture of a gracious, leisurely life before the war disturbance, and of the charming characters that such a life developed. The Grays and the Carys we take to our hearts. While under the spell of their geniality, their *politesse de cœur*, their chivalrous ideals, which they never laid down, we cannot think whether they were on the right side or the wrong. Mr. Page has written a book full of life, of humanity, of much humour, and genuine pathos. If he has revealed the best of the South and generally the worst of the North, he has nevertheless told one section of the story quite truthfully, and with great talent.

From Photo by] MR. T. NELSON PAGE. [*Davis and Sanford, New York.*

AN IDYLL OF THE DAWN. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. 6s. (Bowden.)

Mrs. Reynolds gives here pictures of child-life so fresh and charming that they need not fear comparison even with Mr. Kenneth Graham's "Golden Age" and "Dream Days." They in no way imitate these, being quite evidently made out of real experiences, but they reflect the same hostility to the grown-up world, which is, we think, true to only a very moderate extent of ordinary childhood. The incidents are plain enough, mostly concerned with dolls and domestic animals, and juvenile literary efforts, but they are related artistically and will make a certain appeal to readers whose memories of their own past are clear and tender.

A WEAVER OF RUNES. By W. Dutton Burrard. 6s. (John Long.)

If Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Rudyard Kipling (a little fatigued, say, by a hard day's bear shooting in Kashmir) tried to collaborate a Plain Tale, the result might have been very like a scene or two from "A Weaver of Runes." Mr. Herbert Spencer, in a frivolous mood, might have contributed some of the serious dialogue. But these are only occasional lapses. Mr. Burrard has a style of his own, and an excellent style it is too, light-hearted and humorous even in his reflective moods. He is to be congratulated on his last clever picture of Anglo-India, where they marry and are given in marriage, and are not as the angels in heaven. He is a shrewd observer of that society, its match-making amenities, its tangled flirtations, its ambiguities and cross-currents of sentiment. His attitude is that of the cynically sympathetic student of human nature and *ami des femmes* who receives the conflicting confidences of all his characters. There is admirable comi-tragedy in the story of that amusing invertebrate Skittles, his capture and deliverance. But surely—after all that has been written on the subject—when a youth of Skittles' temperament, in Skittles' awful position, gabbles wildly of escaping "by another route," his friends must be very stupid if they do not understand him.

PHILIP. By William Makepeace Thackeray. (Biographical Edition.) 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The biographical reminiscences in this volume are concerned almost entirely with Thackeray as editor. At the very outset we have his sketch of the familiar cover of the *Cornhill*. Comparing it, as we write, with the present cover, hardly any change is seen. A couple of cornucopiae where Thackeray has a sheaf of wheat, and one or two details of attitude and posing in the figures—these are all. "The only name I can think of is *The Cornhill Magazine*," he said. "It has a sound of jollity and abundance about it." There is some interesting correspondence among these recollections, not all of which has seen the light before. Notes from Lord Houghton and Thomas Carlyle are given, and also a letter from Mr. Charles Macaulay, mentioning the now familiar fact that the last page his brother turned was at Thackeray's story in the *Cornhill*. Mrs. Ritchie finds that much of the correspondence is to say why the people *cannot* write what her father wished. Mr. Motley has "been so long engaged in the slow and heavy business," that he can do nothing "in the light and airy line." Sir Edwin Landseer illustrates his letter with sheep, white and black. The correspondence with Mrs. Browning regarding an unaccepted poem is repeated here, and will doubtless be new to some readers as it is interesting to all. The reminiscences close with some account of Thackeray's meeting with Mr. Frederick Walker, who did the illustrations for "Philip." The young man's sketch of Thackeray's back is reproduced, and the history given of the most charming of his wood-blocks—thus described by Thackeray himself: "Philip, the Little Sister, and the two children saying their prayers in an old-fashioned church pew; not Gothic. The church is the one in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, if you are curious to be exact. The motto, *Pro concessis beneficiis*. And that will bring the story to an end. I am sorry it's over. And you? Yours, W. M. T."

THE KING'S FRIEND. By Dayrell Trelawney. (Church Newspaper Company.)

Unquestionably Dayrell Trelawney has a charming pen. Her "Records of Craysmere Village," of which three dainty little volumes have now been issued, have a delightful freshness and simplicity. And in "The King's Friend" we find the same attractive qualities. The story tells of the brave and loyal part played by a little boy—son of a leading Royalist—during the troublous times of the Civil War. Dayrell Trelawney and her little hero are all for the King—"the White King," "the Royal

Martyr," who by his kingly mien in adversity commanded admiration even from his enemies. The quaint gravity of the little lonely child brought up among his elders, gives the story its distinctive charm, and the closing scene where he is allowed to come of age and drink the "Neville Cup" at twelve instead of twenty-one is genuinely pathetic. We suppose the book to be specially intended for children, but there is no reason why older people should not enjoy it also.

LONE PINE. By R. B. Townshend. 6s. (Methuen.)

If this be, as we gather from the title-page, a first book, it introduces a writer of distinct promise. Mr. Townshend has discovered in New Mexico and the life of the Pueblo Indians of to-day a new and fertile field of romance. He has observed closely and deeply, he possesses descriptive talent of no mean

From Photo by [*Van der Weyde.*
MR. R. B. TOWNSHEND.

order, and as a study of a degenerating race his book is interesting and valuable. It is, too, a first-rate adventure story, a tale of great deeds, great treachery, great love. The style is bright and frank, and altogether "Lone Pine" may be recommended as a thoroughly exciting piece of work, although we warn readers not to cherish great hopes of the mysterious silver-mine, which hardly realises expectations. Mr. Townshend has by no means exhausted his subject, and we look forward to another good novel from his pen.

OMAR THE TENTMAKER. A Romance of Old Persia. By Nathan Haskell Dole. 6s. (Duckworth.)

It is a prudent rule that if you revere a poet or any great man you had better not write his life. Either you have great courage, and you outrage a timid public—who turns and rends you—by stating what cannot safely be stated in terms of the common world; or you are a sentimentalist, and by paraphrasing your hero's actions into some kind of accord with conventions, you present a poor weak shadow of the original. This story will be best liked by those who do not know or care for the verses of Omar Khayyam. Or, indeed, if we can forget that the hero of it is he, and imagine another poet quoting his lines, there is a great deal for us to enjoy—a vivid presentation of an old Persian court, pictures of hunting, love-making, verse-making, and intrigues, and a really well put together and interesting story. The personality of the hero is intelligently conceived, as is natural, for Mr. Dole is a learned Omar editor; and much of his imagining concerning the poet is very pretty and poetical. The tale of Agape, the Greek maiden, whom the poet loved and lost, is delicately told. But, seriously, the attempt to give a body to the spirit so abundantly revealed in the Rubaiyat is doomed to failure. And when Omar is made to play the modern critic of his own work, and say, "How would it be, if by wine I meant also the divine intoxication of the spirit of God?" we see that Mr. Dole can blunder with too much facility.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

LORD CLIVE. By Sir A. J. Arbuthnot. Builders of Greater Britain Series. 5s. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Series System causes a certain amount of overlapping. Clive had already been very fully treated both in general Indian histories and in special biographies, when our present author compiled his article for the Dictionary of National Biography. This was followed by Sir C. Wilson in the English Men of Action Series. Sir A. Arbuthnot, while strongly commending his book, defends the present work of supererogation on the ground that "a series which deals with the Builders of Greater Britain would be obviously incomplete without," etc. As obviously Clive may go on recurring in an infinite series of series among Rulers of India, British Proconsuls, Great Soldiers, Men of Means, or Men with a Grievance. However, if Clive's Life had to be written once more, it could not have been done by a more competent and sympathetic hand. The writer does not seem to have added or altered much; the two books are very similar in bulk and purpose, but this is by no means a mere imitation, but an independent work, valuable for the very clear statement of its sober and reasoned views. To those who do not possess Sir C. Wilson's book, we can recommend it with confidence. One feature is especially welcome—the reprint in the Appendix of Clive's two very weighty and suggestive speeches in the Commons in 1772 and 1773, the precise wording of which, so far as we can trust the report, is of great importance.

AUSTRIA. By Sidney Whitman, M.A. Story of the Nations Series. 5s. (Fisher Unwin)

Mr. Whitman has already written much on German and Austrian history. Here he had a peculiarly difficult and ensnaring task. What was wanted, and what indeed has hitherto been inaccessible, was a concise, consistent story of the Cisleithian Provinces—neither a personal history of the Austrian Hapsburg family, nor yet, on the other hand, one of the countless repetitions of the military and diplomatic history of Europe during the last four centuries under the disguise of a national history. On the whole, the author has resisted this last temptation pretty well, and though the rise and development of the Royal House was a more important factor in Austria than anywhere else, he has not neglected any national or local facts which concerned the people rather than their rulers. A short history of such long range is manifestly a mere sketch and probably a compilation, but Mr. Whitman does not give his authorities, nor does he add a bibliography. The early chapters are well put together, but the mediæval part seems tame compared to Coxe's excellent but now sadly neglected classic work. The later chapters are enlivened by a good many curious points, such, for instance, as Maria Theresa's trilingual or polyglot letter to her betrothed (p. 253), certainly the most astounding love-letter ever penned by princess or peasant. Of the illustrations the views are not bad, but the portraits, copied by permission from a well-known Imperial work, are not well reproduced.

CAVOUR. By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. Foreign Statesmen Series. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

There has been no life written of Cavour since the publication of his Correspondence; and quite lately there have been published some important works on the history of Italian unity. Both facts are reasons for the existence of this monograph, but its comprehensiveness, wisdom, and brevity would have justified it at any moment. No such exact, and at the same time no more sympathetic study of the temperament of the man has ever been penned; and to all save a few who have intimately investigated his career it must throw a great shaft of light on the making of him. The blended strains of the Conservative Piedmontese noble, of the Geneva Calvinist, with something perhaps derived from the remoter ancestry of François de Sales, are shown as they found expression in his cast of mind and in his life work. Cavour, as the inevitable politician of the constructive type, the inventive and delicate-handed engineer of his country's fortunes—as such never to be bettered, hardly equalled—has, of course, been already widely appreciated. All that has with justice been said of the statesman, whom sentiment moved but never swayed, who is more than any other man responsible for the Italy of to-day at its best—though its reckless expenditure would have seemed madness to him—is admirably summed up here. Better than elsewhere will you

see the reach of his political genius, a genius that could think and foresee for other countries besides its own, and which, within the limits of the practical—and it recognisedits bounds—was surely of the highest order. The Countess Cesaresco lets us know him as the devoted Piedmontese, who was from the very first an Italian citizen, who thought and spoke and wrote and acted as such when Italian citizenship was a poetic ideal to men far more daring in their dreams than he. She might have emphasised, for us English readers, rather more than she has done, the fact of his essentially Italian intellect—in spite of the mixture of races that met in him. It is only the picturesque tourist that thinks of Italy merely as the land of art and of old romance. Those who know her people and her history know their cool incisive habit of mind, their clear, logical, scientific sense—just the gifts that Cavour so disinterestedly, and at the right moment, devoted to his country's service. The little book is, of course, not merely an interpretation of the great statesman. The running commentary on the struggle in which he was a chief actor, is as intelligent and well-informed as could be desired. A whole chapter on a contested point is often put in a short sentence, as here, "The situation in Piedmont was briefly this: Charles Albert's heart was with the growing cry for independence, but he wished for independence without liberty. This was the 'secret of the king,' which has been sought for in all kinds of recondite suppositions."

POEMS. By Richard Realf. With a Memoir by R. J. Hinton. 10s. (Funk and Wagnalls.)

Whatever one may think of Realf's poems, there is much pathetic interest about his history. He belonged to the wandering, unfortunate, ineffective, and much-loved geniuses of the world—sunken wrecks on which lights are hung. His expression is American, and most of his active life was spent in America, but he was an Englishman born, a protégé of Lady Byron, and only left his native country after getting into trouble while helping her steward in the management of the Noel Estates. He played many parts after that—speaker and fighter for emancipation, soldier, lecturer, poet, convert to the Catholic Church and to Shakerism. Even these did not exhaust his rôles. It was a restless, shifting, faulty life, and he died by his own hand in 1878. But his biographer, over-indulgent in his literary estimate, is probably quite right in his assertions of Realf's sincerity to his poetic and spiritual ideals. His poems won him a high reputation in his life-time. Read now, and by English standards, one must acknowledge in them a deep emotional power, too much obscured by commonplace thought and clumsy expression. But now and again a stanza of rare simplicity and sweetness explains to us some of the charm which made him, in spite of his troublous life, a man of many friends.

THE STORY OF THE RAMAYANA AND MAHABHARATA. By J. C. Oman. 3s. 6d. (George Bell and Sons.)

This account of "The Great Indian Epics," written by the Principal of Khalsa College, Amritsar, has been added to Bohn's Standard Library. The little volume is illustrated by a coloured representation of the gambling match of the Kauravas and Pandavas, and by reproductions from photographs and from Moor's "Hindu Pantheon." Mr. Oman follows English translations of the two epics by M. Nath Dutt, M.A., Calcutta, and P. Chandra Roy, Calcutta. Those who desire a scholarly account of the Epics will consult Sir M. Monier-Williams's "Indian Epic Poetry." The late Mr. Talboys Wheeler, also, devoted the first volume of his "History of India" to an account of the Mahabharata. Mr. Oman disclaims all knowledge of Sanscrit and any attempt to find history in the Epics. His book is useful as showing how these enormous poems at once dominate and express the legendary faith of the Hindoos. He occasionally quotes the always readable verse translations of Mr. Ralph Griffiths, who was an accomplished Professor in the Benares Hindu College, and so he relieves the prosaic narrative.

ELEMENTS OF THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION. Part II. Ontological. Being the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1898. By C. P. Tiele, Theol D., Litt.D., etc., etc. 7s. 6d. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

The handsomely endowed Gifford Lectures have too often been considered rather as a reward for work done in the past than as an opportunity for further toilsome research. This reproach Professor Tiele and one or two others have done much to remove. In his first course Dr. Tiele presented us with a singularly lucid account of the laws and conditions which regulate the development and manifestations of religion; or, as he termed it, the morphological part of the science of religion. In this second course he investigates the ontological part of the same science, and enquires into the elements in religion which are essential and permanent. Thus he answers such questions as these: What is the origin of religion? What is the essence of religion? What is the constant element in all conceptions of God? What is the relationship between God and man? In answer to these questions, Professor Tiele has much to say that is of importance, and he always says it in an interesting manner. His lectures are singularly free from technicalities, and have a literary flavour which does not always attach itself to discussions of theological and philosophical themes. He is also quite independent in his thinking, and his conclusions have a persuasive air of sincerity and common sense about them. We think that it will generally be admitted that no better introduction to the science of religion exists than is contained in Professor Tiele's volumes.

HAUNTS AND HOBBIES OF AN INDIAN OFFICIAL. By Mark Thornhill. 6s. (John Murray.)

Mr. Mark Thornhill, an old Haileybury civilian, known by his "Adventures of a Magistrate in the Indian Mutiny," has in this volume arranged a diary of the latter part of his residence in India. In a chatty and pleasant style he records his experience, with occasional anecdotes, of insects and animals of all kinds, from the ant to the elephant. He chats about native visitors and etiquette, jugglers and alchemists, his official duties and tours. He was for some time in charge of Dehra Doon, "the valley of the tent," a beautiful district in the Lower Himalayas, of which he gives an interesting account. When Magistrate of Benares, he found among the office records the original manuscript report, by Warren Hastings, of his proceedings towards the Raja of Benares of that day, which formed one of the charges in the great impeachment. The book will be appreciated by old Indians and naturalists, while it has a certain value as a record of days that have passed away.

ADAM SMITH. By H. C. Macpherson. Famous Scots Series. 1s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

Another volume to remind us that our most fruitful ideas have come to us from north of the Tweed. As for the Wealth of Nations, we had the thing but not the theory. That theory has fallen somewhat into disfavour of late years. It is Mr. Macpherson's aim to show that while this disfavour is not grounded (as has been too often supposed) in the economic conditions of our own day, it is partly justified by Adam Smith's tacit identification of wealth with labour, and his still greater error in limiting "labour" to mere material industry, the work of the hand rather than the head. He proves with admirable clearness that though the conditions have changed there has been no real breach of continuity between the ideas of Smith and those of Mr. Herbert Spencer; rather that the result of applying the principle of evolution to economics has been to bring to light again the principle underlying Smith's great work. That principle is co-operation, co-operation of men with men, co-operation of Man with Nature in harmony with Nature's laws, and it has been ridiculed for its optimism. Nature was too suggestive of Nature's God. Harmony with Nature's laws was part and parcel of the eighteenth century Theism understood to be demolished by Darwin, Huxley and Co. Now, according to the latest interpretation of the doctrine of evolution, the blind struggle for existence has developed into just such an intelligent co-operation; they are the lower and the higher stages of one eternal process. Both for Adam Smith and Herbert Spencer the economic ideal is not State Socialism, but that kind of association which has its source in an enlightened individualism. So long as we have with us evils due to the vestiges of feudalism that still cling to our land system, so long as the spirit of Protection survives in our foreign policy, Smith's teaching will be as living, as applicable to the actual hour, as it was in the eighteenth century. Its warning may still be laid to heart—that a nation's wealth consisteth not in the abundance of things that it hath. The monograph is a clear and able exposition and criticism of its subject. It deserves a prominent place in the series it belongs to.

THE GOSPEL OF THE ATONEMENT, being the Hulsean Lectures for 1898-99. By the Ven. James M. Wilson, M.A., Archdeacon of Manchester. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

"My conviction, based on a fairly wide and very varied experience, is that reiterated, explicit, clear statements of the true doctrine of our redemption clearing it from all ditheism, and from all that I have ventured to call forensic, transactional, and even mythological, are longed for by the best instincts of the people within and without our churches." Hence these lectures, whose theme is the Atonement, and whose aim is to show that the Atonement consists in the identification of the human and the divine life in the Incarnation, that is, in the life and death of Christ. The death of Christ is interpreted as meaning that for God and for man the highest life is in suffering. This thought, it need scarcely be said, is elaborated with great originality and beauty. In interpreting the language and thought of St. Paul, Mr. Wilson is not so successful, and he will scarcely persuade Englishmen to believe that when St. Paul said Christ was sacrificed he meant that he was not sacrificed. But Mr. Wilson always achieves the highest aim of the preacher, he interests and fertilizes and emancipates the mind.

THE UNHEEDING GOD. By Thomas G. Selby. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

It is several years now since Mr. Selby was discovered, and he has secured a large and attached constituency. It would seem that he is growing in power as a preacher. Fertile in ideas as ever, almost oppressively and confusingly fertile, he is still most original and felicitous in his illustrations, but in the volume now published there is a tense seriousness, a restrained passion against evil, a sudden penetration to profound spiritual truth which mark developed perception and increased strength. The sermons are for the most part experimental, and from beginning to end of the volume there is nothing commonplace. Frequently by a clever thrust he pierces the weak point in an assailant's armour, and materially aids the defence of the faith.

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. Illustrated by Paul Woodroffe. (The Illustrated English Poems Series.) 3s. 6d. (Dent.)

We are charmed with the grace and softness of Mr. Woodroffe's drawing, but disappointed at the sterility of his imagination. His frontispiece—the sleeping Titania attended by her elves—is as exquisite a bit of work as could be wished, and indeed all the drawings are good in themselves, but there is a sameness about them which palls. It is the same figure that poses in them all—except "Blow, blow, thou winter wind!" which strikes a stronger and fresher note. The ornamental head-pieces are even repeated, which one does not look for in a book published mainly for its illustrations. It is quite as bad as duplicating a page of print in a book published primarily to be read. Was Mr. Woodroffe tired of his task? Did he spend all his enthusiasm upon the Fairy Queen? It is not that we fail to appreciate his work. It is because we appreciate it so highly that we would fain have seen more of it.

OLD VIOLINS. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis. (Collector Series.) 7s. 6d. (Redway.)

Here is Mr. Haweis riding his pet hobby, and riding it with the most infectious enthusiasm and delight. Nobody who already knows the charm of the violin—not only of its tone, but of its mere form and touch—will read these glowing chapters without a sympathetic eagerness and pleasure. To others—to the many to whom the violin is only an instrument, like any other, and quite adequately defined in the most laconic of dictionaries—the book will be mere foolishness. Only enthusiasts should read it. They will not mind the recurrence of the first personal pronoun, since it stands for a man who does know something about his subject, and who, if his information is occasionally at fault, frankly says so, and does not mislead us. And we are very much of the opinion that these particular points that he does not know are not likely to be much worth knowing. The plates are exquisite, notably that of the Maggini "De Beriot," but where is the figure referred to on p. 155, "which," Mr. Haweis says in a misleading parenthesis, "we reproduce"? There are several other errors which more careful proof-reading might have corrected—a puzzling misarrangement of stops in a sentence on p. 205 about the position of the sound post and a confusing misnaming of the parts of the violin on pp. 177 and 230. These are trifles, but in a book manifestly written, printed and published for the dilettante, we have a right to look for perfection in trifles. The volume is otherwise delightful to read and handle, and should be highly appreciated by amateur collectors and all lovers of the violin.

THE TEMPLE OF MUT IN ASHER. By Margaret Benson and Janet Gourlay. The Inscriptions and Translations by Percy E. Newberry. With Plans and Illustrations. 21s. (Murray.)

The Temple of Mut, although only a mile or so from the great temple of Amen at Karnak, is a little out of the sight-seer's route, and has received less attention than its interest and antiquity deserve. The two ladies who have carried through the work of excavation and exploration have conferred a real benefit on Egyptologists. A temple which, as we are told, "has been built and added to through a period of two thousand years or more; on which most of the illustrious Pharaohs during that time have left their record; which has yielded between thirty and forty statues; which is unique in the statue of the goddess to whom it is dedicated; and which, moreover, occupies one of the most charming sites in Egypt," is indeed worthy of study. A full and interesting account of the work in all its details is given. There are inscriptions, hieroglyphics, and plans for the student, and bright descriptive chapters for the general reader. Many will be interested in the methods of excavation who care little for its results. The book will be of distinct interest to specialists, but will give pleasure to a much wider public.

ROUND THE WORLD ON A WHEEL. By Foster Fraser. 6s. (Methuen.)

This is a delightfully unconventional book, illustrated by some really excellent photographs. The view in a Chinese temple (p. 335) is indeed the most striking feature in the book. Only a photographer could appreciate its full merit. Mr. Fraser met with many novel experiences, and narrates them in a correspondingly novel way, making his appeal primarily to cyclists, but almost as much to the rapidly diminishing band of pedestrians. The style of the narrative is lively and entertaining, sometimes even frivolous. The author's wit is in places rather strained. No one can be funny for five hundred pages, and it is a pity that Mr. Fraser made the attempt, which was bound to result in a good deal of flippancy.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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Editor of the Young Author's Page,
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to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

ES-SUFI.—You have both imagination and language, but both especially the latter, want disciplining. These little affectations of expression are occasionally effective, but are apt to land you in bathos. Learn the use of "shall" and will" (you make a glaring misuse of "shall" in your first paragraph); write naturally, and do not strive painfully after effect.

P. J. S.—I am afraid there is not "anything in it,"—except a good title—not even anything to criticise. What is the good of it all?

EMPTY.—Amateurish, but pretty. To write such tales is a graceful recreation, no more. You will be wise to leave it at that.

Z.—Your technique is not faultless even in this revised version. Stanzas 3 and 7 want a foot in the third line, and stanza 12 a syllable in the first, though that omission could be defended. Some of your verses are good (stanzas 1, 2, 8, 9, and 10 are among the best). Others are decidedly obscure; in wrestling with the metre you have twisted the sense out of them. Stanzas 3, 5, and 12 are the worst.

CROW.—Your verses have a certain quiet grace, but many amateurs write better. I do not know how you could get the lyric set to music unless you include any composers among your

friends. Worse words have been set, but I doubt if these would attract a stranger.

Lallah.—No, this could never be published. It is crude in style, and commonplace in idea. By all means continue to write if you enjoy it, but remember that to write really well you must have something *of your own* to say. You cannot enforce the meaning of the "Ancient Mariner" by piling up platitudes.

Snowdrop.—I hardly think you could place this. You write correctly, naturally, and fluently, but your matter is thin, and not very convincing. The character specially introduced as the "enemy" has very little to do with the story. Mildly ineffective matter does sometimes get itself printed, but I do not advise you to add to the amount.

A. M. D.—Undoubtedly you have the gift of words, and in this case the subject lends itself to your perfervid style. Short pieces of this kind do find a place in many up-to-date publications of the "soulful" type, but this is hardly up to the standard. The latter part is laboured, although the idea is good. If you keep to this style, be brief, and remember that a single false step will land you in the ludicrous.

E. B. B.—Your two stories are capital. I think you may be very hopeful of success if you go on improving as you have done. You must not count upon getting these accepted, but you might try. The one in the vernacular would be improved by a little cutting down—the hat incident, say, and possibly part of the feast. The other is very good, but beware of overdoing your humour. You say too much about the Ark. Omit the reference to Noah's wife, and dispose of the giraffes in two lines. In short, don't *prose*, even semi-humorously. Make your point quickly, then leave it. I am glad to help you, for your work interests me very much. Your handwriting is now quite legible.

Lux.—I do not consider your essay enlightening. Your thought and language are alike slipshod and inexact, full of repetitions, logical fallacies, and elaborate provings of the obvious. But you have evidently thought about the subject; a rigid scheme of condensation and elimination might still leave a page or two of good matter.

Mabel.—I am afraid the lines are scarcely good enough for print. Their intention is excellent, but as poetry they are not striking. And it is a misuse of words to call love of country "tall."

Fact.—There is a good deal of cleverness and humour about the verses, though these are not evident till after the first six pages or so. There is no suggestion at first of a skit, and the verses simply appear portentously bad. Of course you do not expect literary criticism, but you describe the places and proceedings very accurately, and your friends will find amusement in the verses.

Camera.—You write easily and agreeably, and your style might suit some of the less ambitious domestic magazines. But there is no sign of any positive or special talent.

Sweetbriar.—If this is a school exercise it is a very creditable one, and should give you a good place in class. It is well that you notice and appreciate natural beauty. You may write really well some day, if you study hard.

Everett Arnold.—I like your hymn, and think it quite up to the standard you mention. Only I think you should change line 7 in verse 3. It has no apparent meaning there. The first four lines of verse 4, too, are hardly up to the level of the rest. Otherwise it is excellent.

W. M.—Undoubtedly you have some poetic imagination, but your faculty needs training. There are some exquisite ideas here, and some charming lines, but you spoil it with such expressions as "the breeze so cool." You should persevere.

Annie Pierce.—This should do admirably. It is a very good story. The sheep-shearing, etc., is capital, and so are the interviews at the farm. I am glad you have decided to drop the other.

Alexas.—A fairly promising first effort. Stories in this style are used by many popular magazines. The difficulty is to get new situations. This of yours, though well described, is hardly a novelty. I gather that you have offered it already for publication. If not there is no harm in doing so, but re-write the first and last pages, and make a few corrections all through. For instance, say "oblivious *of*," not *to*.

Bouvardia.—You tell a story remarkably well, and have excellent command of the archaic style. This is worth offering to any of the popular monthlies.

Thomas Storm.—You have the gift of fluency, and a faculty for picturesque and effective writing. It is impossible to judge from this of your power in sustained work, but you should certainly persevere. Only be sparing of the rhapsodical.

Senex.—The e is nothing in this first chapter to warrant my recommending you to continue the tale. The style is amateurish, and rather commonplace. The former fault can be overcome by practice, and the latter might be compensated for by an interesting plot and a series of striking situations. But of that I cannot judge, though I am not very hopeful.

Scot (London).—Your review is promising. Cultivate a direct and simple style, use short sentences (not many modern readers would stop to unravel your first one here), avoid repetitions, and you will do well. You have opinions, and are not afraid to express them. Read this again and you will see that all your most telling points are found in your shorter sentences. "Indelibly" is wrongly used, and the closing sentence is in every way unsatisfactory.

Ancora Imparo.—A very pretty and touching story, told in a simple and pleasing fashion. There is no special originality about it, but it is very agreeable reading, and might suit one of the domestic magazines.

Number Seven.—You write good English but deplorably bad fiction. No human beings ever spoke to one another in the extraordinary fashion of your hero and heroine. And surely it is a terrible drop from the sublime to the ridiculous when you allow the youth to say, after his eloquent description of the joys of love in a cottage, "And on its hearth you sat as queen!" No, it is not a successful story. But perhaps you could write a good essay; you have a good command of language.

W. M. (New Zealand).—The sonorous tone of your verses almost disarms criticism till one begins to realise that a good deal of the majesty is mannerism, and that the piling up of fine sounding words is not necessarily poetry. Your feeling is evidently genuine, and you do impress your reader to a certain extent. But you twist your phrases almost past recognition sometimes and even then the rhythm occasionally halts. Stanza I. 2 I like best of all. The imagery there is really fine. On the whole, however, I fear you cannot escape the charge of what Americans call "high falutin'," and there are many cruel people in the world who would not hesitate to smile at your sublimest flights.

Virgo.—I fear you cannot hope to do much in the way of literary work until you can write more correctly. Your essay is full of errors in composition—errors that a good grammar-book would teach you to avoid. The subject treated does, as you say, deserve consideration, but your arguments are very inconclusive and superficial, and not at all clearly expressed.

Herbert Kentwood.—Not very promising. The first and last stanzas have no meaning; the second is rather absurd.

Hoffnung.—You have skill enough and poetry enough to translate simple pieces gracefully. The two songs from Uhland are prettily done. But the Introduction to Faust is far beyond your powers—at least was so when you wrote this. Look again at the original, and you will realise the ineffectiveness of this schoolgirl attempt. You should entirely give up the thought of earning money by poetry. By prose translations you might make a little, but you must be content with less ambitious flights, and you must refuse to give your work for nothing.

Ulysses.—I know of no agent such as you describe. These posts are difficult to get; you can only watch the advertisement columns and inquire among friends. You have the qualifications most necessary.

Ascot.—Your verses are very bad. The English, the rhythm, and the sense are alike faulty, and there is no sign of poetic feeling or imagination.

Tenerorum Lusor Amorum.—No. 1 is, I think, in your best vein. The verses have a certain old-world simplicity of manner which is very pleasing, and they are neatly rhymed and turned. Still, they are hardly poetry, except in a very limited sense of the word. Of the others, No. 3 is by far the worst. It is poor both in thought and expression; in fact, it has not a redeeming quality except the good nature that evidently prompted it. No. 4 is a little better and No. 2 shares the excellences of No. 1—its tripping rhymes and simple, pleasant ideas. Thanks for the letter and quotation. It is true, perhaps, but it is not pleasant to wound.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

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Bible Stories (Old Testament). Edited by Prof. R. G. Moulton, 2/6 ..... Macmillan

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Green, Dr. W. H.—General Introduction to the Old Testament.—The Canon, 7/6 ..... Murray

Handley, Rev. H.—A Short Way Out of Materialism, 1/- Rivingtons

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McLaren, W. E.—The Holy Priest, 4/6 ..... Low

Newbolt, W. C. E.—Religion, 5/- ..... Longmans

Nye, Rev. G. H. F.—The Story of the Oxford Movement, with Introduction by the Dean of St. Paul's, 3/6 .... Bemrose

[*A well-written account of what the writer regards as a "great 'Forward' Movement in the Church." There is a good chapter on Wesleyans. In a closing chapter on the "Secret History" the authors of the Oxford Movement are dissociated from any idea of "secrecy."*]

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[*See p. 26.*]

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[*An interesting study of the points of resemblance between Buddhism and Christianity.*]

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[See p. 25.] Blackwood
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[See p. 26.]

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[See p. 17.]
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Thornhill, M.—Haunts and Hobbies of an Indian Official, 6/- Murray

New Editions.

Clarke, A.—The Effects of the Factory System, 2/6.....Richards

Hewlett, M.—Earthwork out of Tuscany, 4/6 .....Dent

Reynolds-Ball, E. A.—Mediterranean Winter Resorts, 6/- Kegan Paul
[*A fourth edition much enlarged and improved. Special attention is paid to the hygienic conditions of the less known towns, and the needs of invalids are never forgotten.*]

The New Popular Educator, Vol. I., 3/6 .....Cassell
[*Contains means of self-instruction in all school subjects.*]

White, G.—The Natural History of Selborne, Pt. I., 1/6 .....Lane
[*Will make a handsome volume when complete.*]

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES

Asheton's Modern Street Ballads.
Senior's Essays in Fiction.
Gleadhill's Songs of the British Isles, sm. post 8vo ed., and Tunes, O.N.
Taine's English Literature, vol. 2, third edition, Edinburgh, 1874.
Aylwin, by Watts-Dunton.
Isabel Carnaby, by E. T. Fowler.
Brabourne (Lord), Tales Told to My Children
Lamb (Chas.) Letters, edited by Ainger.
Wolsey's Life of Marlborough.
Mollie's Prince, by Rosa Carey.

CHARLES CHRISTIE, 4, ROSEBANK TERRACE, ABERDEEN, N.B.

State price and condition—
Ethics of Naturalism (Sorley)
The Witness of God (T. H. Green).
Marius the Epicurean (Pater).
The Renaissance (Pater).
Appreciations (Pater).
Preludes (Alice C. Thompson).

MISS F. CURTIS, POTTERELLS, HATFIELD, HERTS.

Marius the Epicurean (Pater).
Studio Magazine, October, November, 1895.
A Wanderer (Ogram Matuce).

HENRY DRYERRE, BLAIRGOWRIE.

Anderson's History of Shorthand.
Halliwell Phillipps' Facsimile Shakespeare, full size.
Ditto, reduced edition.
Hamlet's Note Book, by W. D. O Connor.
Bacon's Essays, Reynolds' Edition.
Renascence Drama, by W. Thomson.

H. P. ROSSITER, 9, ELM PLACE, BATH.

Kelmscott Chaucer.
Kelmscott Rossetti.
Kelmscott Coleridge.
(Any others clean as new.)

J. W. THOMPSON, 45, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY.

Green's Short History of the English People, in any condition, if complete.
Wide World Magazine, vol. 1.
Corelli's Barabbas, Thelma, Ardath, and Soul of Lilith.
Bessie Gordon's Story.
Little Folks, any in cloth or boards.
Chatterbox, any in cloth or boards.
Drummond's Ascent of Man.
Beecher's Sermons, Lectures, or Addresses.
Meyer's Scripture Biographies, any.
Popular Novels for Lending Library, Kipling's, Conan Doyle's Weyman's, etc.

OCTAVUS TOMSON, CAMBRIDGE

Burke's Romance of the Peerage.
Guide Konyunjik Gallery, British Museum, 1885.
Gustave Amiard's Works, 24 vols.

TRACT SOCIETY, EDINBURGH.

Prolegomena to the History of Israel, by Wellhausen (Black, 1885).

BOOKS FOR SALE.

J. BRUNSKILL, 12, NEVILLE STREET, YORK.

Biblia Ecclesiae Polyglotta, ed. by Frederick Iliff, D.D., large folio, Bagster, 1843, 5s. nett.
The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D., by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., 2 vols., 8vo, 1845, 2s. 6d.
An Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians, by Edward Wm. Lane, 2 vols., numerous illus., 1836, 3s.
News from Nowhere, by Wm Morris, 1891, 1st ed, 4s.
A Spotting Quixote, Life and Adventures of Hon. Aug. Fitzmuddle, by S. Laing, 1886, 2 vols., 1s. 6d.
Essays about Men, Women, and Books, by Augustine Birrell, 1st ed., 1894; 3s. 6d.
Odes and Poems, by Wm. Watson, 1st. ed., 1894, 5s.
Ode of Life (Morris), 1880, 3s.

J. REDFEARN, SILSDEN, KEIGHLEY.

Spencer's Principles of Sociology The Study of Sociology, First Principles, Principles of Psychology (2 vols.), The Data of Ethics, Principles of Biology (2 vols.)—8 vols., £3 3s.
Blackie's Popular Encyclopædia, ed. Annandale, 14 vols., pub. £8 8s., price £3 10s.

J. W. THOMPSON, 45, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY.

Chums, vol. 1, publisher's cloth, new, 8s. 6d.
Girl's Own Paper, vol. 1, half-calf, 4s.
Letters from Heaven, new, 2s. 3d.
Culpepper's Herbal, numerous plates, 1s. 3d.
Church Dictionary, by W. F. Hook, 6s.
English Language, its History and Structure, by W. H. Low, 2s. 6d.
England under the Stuarts, University Tutorial Series, 2s. 6d.
Thoughts on Revelation and Life, by Westcott, 3s. 9d.
Howitt's Rural Life in England, 7s. 6d.
Howitt's Homes and Haunts of British Poets, 6s. 6d.
Dr. Coffin's Lectures on Medical Botany, with portrait, 2s. 6d.
Hudibras, with Life of the Author, Discourse on the Civil War, etc., and new notes and illustrations, 2 vols., morocco, 1812, 4s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between February 15th and March 15th, 1899:—

LONDON, E.C.

Gore: Romans. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)
Fairbairn: Catholicism — Roman and Anglican. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Newbolt: Religion. 5s. (Longmans.)
Lenten Meditations. 2s. 6d. (Longmans.)
Congreve's Christian Life. 5s. (Longmans.)
Lenten Books generally.

LONDON, W.C.

Love-letters of Robt. and E. B. Browning. 2 vols. 21s. (Smith, Elder.)
Jekyll: Wood and Garden. 10s. 6d. (Longmans.)
Parker: Sir Robert Peel. 3 vols 32s. (Murray.)
Mr. Dooley: In War and in Peace. 2s. (Richards.)
Haggard: Swallow. 6s (Longmans.)
Raymond: Two Men o' Mendip. 6s. (Longmans.)
Trade generally quiet

BIRMINGHAM.

Various Books on Church Doctrine and Ceremonial.
Love-letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 2 vols. 21s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)
Newbolt: Religion. 5s: (Longmans.)
Sheldon: In His Steps. (Various prices and publishers.)
Gore: Romans. Part 1. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)
Haggard: Swallow. 6s. (Longmans.)
Barry: The Two Standards. 6s. (Unwin.)
Mr. Dooley: In War and in Peace. 2s. (Richards.)

MANCHESTER.

Boothby: Pharos the Egyptian. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Sheldon's Books: In His Steps, etc. (Various prices and publishers.)
Parallel New Testament, Interleaved for Students.
Kipling's Books.
Rhoda Broughton and R. N. Carey: New cheap editions.
Weyman: The Castle Inn. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Yeats: Heart of Denise. 6s. (Longmans.)

LEEDS.

Gibson: The Book of Job.
Bullen: Cruise of the *Cachalot*. 8s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Fraser: Round the World on a Wheel. 6s. (Methuen.)
Kipling: The Day's Work. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Collingwood: Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll. 7s. 6d. (Unwin.)

BRIGHTON.

Sheldon's Books, especially In His Steps. (Various prices and publishers.)
Walsh: Secret History of the Oxford Movement. 3s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)
Haggard: Swallow. 6s. (Longmans.)
Kipling: The Day's Work. 6s. (Macmillan.)
In the Day of the Cross.
Collingwood: Life of Lewis Carroll. 7s. 6d. (Unwin.)

BURNLEY.

Sheldon: In His Steps and other works. (Various editions.)
Walsh: Secret History of the Oxford Movement. 3s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)
Smith: Life of Henry Drummond. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Kipling: A Fleet in Being. 1s. and 1s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Steevens: With Kitchener to Khartum. 6d. (Blackwood)

CAMBRIDGE.

Lee: Life of Shakespeare. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Evans' Birds. (Camb. Nat. Hist.)
Kipling: A Fleet in Being 1s. and 1s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Wilson: Gospel of the Atonement.

OXFORD.

Walsh: Secret History of the Oxford Movement. 3s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)
Watts-Dunton: Aylwin. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)
Crawford: Ave Roma Immortalis. 2 vols. 21s. (Macmillan.)
Love Letters of R. and E. B. Browning. 1845-1846. 2 vols. 21s. (Smith, Elder.)
Smith: Life of Henry Drummond. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Educational Works.

SUNDERLAND.

Haggard: Swallow. 6s. (Longmans.)
Gore: Romans. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)
Boothby: Pharos the Egyptian. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Barrett and Hichens: Daughters of Babylon. 6s. (Macqueen.)
Bullen: Cruise of the *Cachalot*. 8s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Kipling's Books, various.

DUBLIN (1).

Walsh: The Saved and Lost. 3s. 6d. (Gill & Son.)
Russell: St. Joseph of Jesus and Mary. 3s. (Gill & Son.)
Barry: The Two Standards. 6s. (Unwin.)
Sheehan: The Triumph of Failure. 6s. (Burns and Oates.)
Conan Doyle: Sherlock Holmes Series. 6d. (Newnes.)
Lubbock: The Pleasures of Life. 6d. (Macmillan.)

DUBLIN (2).

Crawford: Ave Roma Immortalis. 2 vols. 21s. (Macmillan.)
Raimond: The Open Question. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Kipling: A Fleet in Being. 1s. and 1s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Kipling: The Day's Work. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Steevens: With Kitchener to Khartum. Sixpenny Edition.
Edmund Burke's Works. 12 vols. (Nimmo.)

GLASGOW.

Bruce: The Hebrews. An Exegetical Study. 7s. 6d. (T. & T. Clark.)
The Love Letters of Robert and E. B. Browning. 2 vols. 21s. (Smith, Elder.)
Smith: Twelve Indian Statesmen. 6s. (Murray.)
Fowler: The Young Pretenders. 6s. (Longmans.)
D'Aubigne: The Great Reformation. New Edition, 2s. 6d. (Jarrold.)
Sixpenny Editions of Kitchener, Tennyson, and Lubbock's Pleasures of Life, etc., etc.
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ABERDEEN.

Clarke: Outline of Christian Theology. 7s. 6d. (T. & T. Clark.)
Bruce: Epistle to the Hebrews. 7s. 6d. (T. & T. Clark.)
Watts-Dunton: Aylwin. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)
Steevens: With Kitchener to Khartum. 6d., and other reprints at 6d.
Newbolt: Religion. 5s. (Longmans.)
Temple Classics. New vols. Cloth, 1s. 6d. (Dent.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Barry: The Two Standards. 6s. (Unwin.)
Kipling's Books.
Sheldon's Books.
All Books on Ritual Question.
Fraser: Round the World on a Wheel. 6s. (Methuen.)
Clowes: Naval Pocket Book. 5s. (Thacker.)

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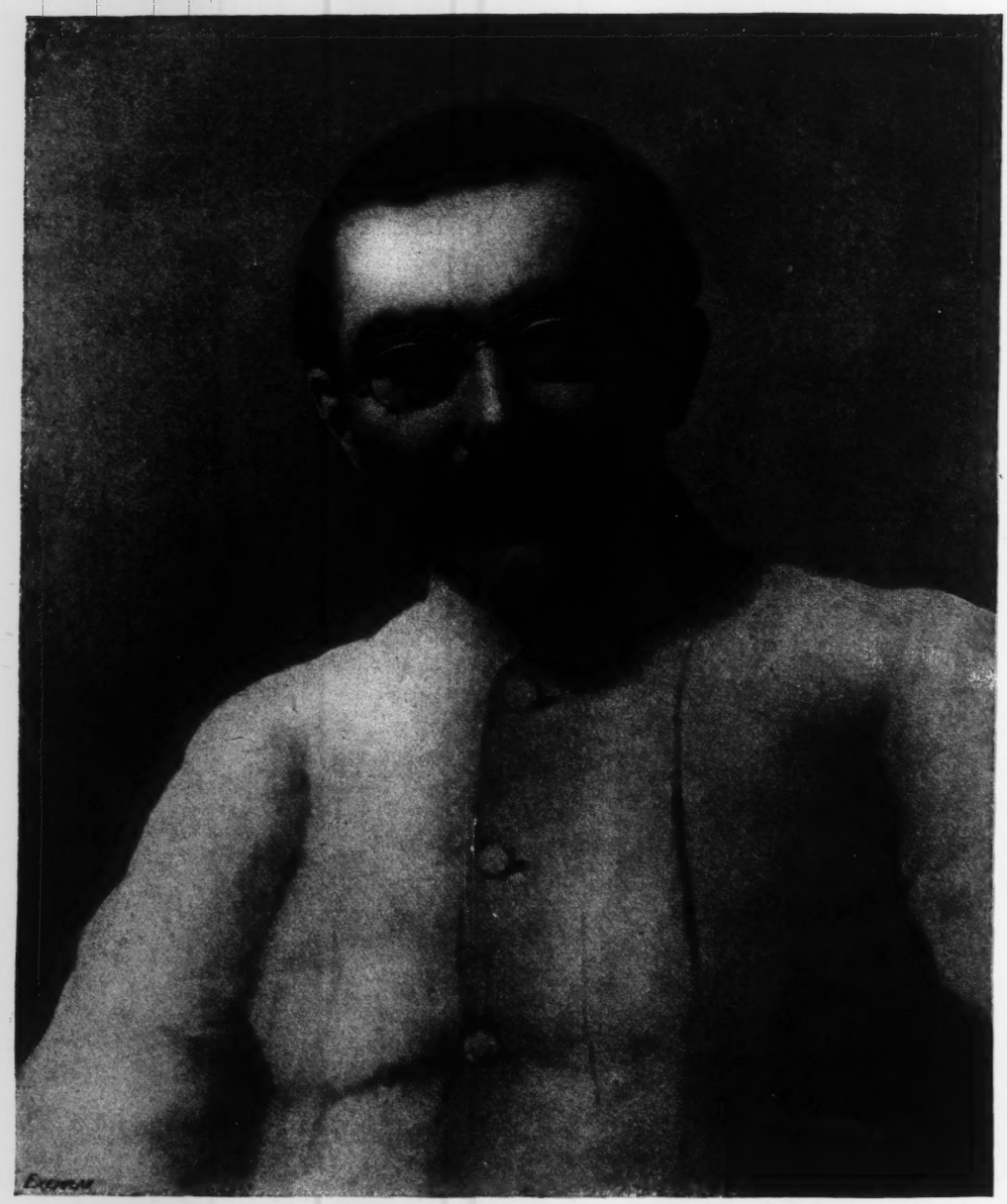

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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